





# A career and its consequences

By Mark Bonham Carter

DOUGLAS E. SCHOEN:

Enoch Powell and the Powellites  
317pp. Macmillan, £10.

Douglas E. Schoen, of Harvard and Oxford, is a political scientist who has specialised in the analysis of poll data. His *Enoch Powell and the Powellites* is divided into two parts. The first is a record of Powell's career compiled from the public record and from interviews with MPs of the second looks at Powellites during the period of Powell's greatest prominence, 1967-75, and at Powellism, which the author sees as a special sort of extremist protest, accepting the definition of extremism as "the tendency to look at the poles of the ideological axis". Part 2 tests the utility of the theoretical literature on political extremism to explain Powell's rise. Both parts of the book rely on an extensive secondary analysis of poll data, and it is the application of this analysis to illuminate the career of an individual politician which is novel.

Mr Powell kept his distance from the author, and the account of their relationship is not without intrinsic biographical interest. Powell refused to give an interview to Schoen because he did not want to be in his view have implied collaboration. Fair enough. He agreed however to provide copies of speeches he had delivered in Ulster since 1973. "Unfortunately," writes Schoen, "Mr Powell took exception to my interviewing other MPs about him and made his feelings about him and his superior." Despite assurances that Schoen was doing serious academic research and was not as Powell maintained engaged in "political gossip," he responded by sending Schoen a bill for £1 for duplicating the speeches he had earlier provided. I describe this incident because it is an example of the "quickness" which makes Powell such a difficult colleague, and which goes some way to explaining why the line had so little support in Parliament and from among ex-colleagues in government—this I must agree is an example of political gossip.

Powell's career has been built around issues: a vigorous defence of free market capitalism; immigration from the Commonwealth; the United Kingdom and the EEC; and the relations between the United Kingdom and Northern Ireland. From the moment he entered the House of Commons in 1950 until the famous Birmingham speech in April 1968, he was mainly identified with the first of these issues, which he proclaimed in the most rigorous and rigid terms. In this role he won respect in the House of Commons and among those who take a more than ordinary interest in politics. His resignation from the Treasury in 1958, carrying the Chancellor (Peter Thorneycroft) and Nigel Birch with him, was regarded as a trifle doctrinaire, but the incident could be written, off by Macmillan as "a little local difficulty".

At that time, as Schoen shows, Powell had no real standing in the country. When he regained office at the Department of Health in 1960, he was an interventionist minister rather than otherwise, enforced the pay freeze on the Selwyn Lloyd and did nothing to control or limit the influx of nurses and doctors from overseas. In 1965, when Powell was better known, though still not in the top flight of "C" class, he made a series of repeated efforts to explain his economic position and, in particular, his opposition to an incomes policy. It is doubtful if there would have been widespread support for his views, even if people had understood them—which, Schoen confirms, they did not. Powell's supporters were the least likely to oppose an incomes policy.

It could not be said of this part of the career that he was providing, in his own words about his stand on immigration, "people with words and ideas which will be their pre-emptive better than the words and ideas they are using at present". People neither learned from the words nor understood the ideas. No one was likely to oppose an incomes policy.

to perform it successfully.

And so we come to the revolutionary speech on immigration in Birmingham in April 1968. It was not revolutionary in the sense that it altered Conservative policy; it very largely conformed with it except in the provocative and lurid language he employed. But it transformed Powell's personal position. He became at once a national figure, a household name. Immediately after the speech polls showed that between 82 and 67 per cent of people agreed with his views. In March 1968, one month before the speech, only 1 per cent of those polled thought Powell as leader of the Tory Party should resign. In April, after the Birmingham speech, he had become the most popular choice (24 per cent) in that eventuality, replacing Macdonald (18 per cent). It also transformed the language, though not in my view the terms of the debate on immigration and race relations, and sharply raised the temperature. It was on the basis of this and subsequent speeches on immigration, made at regular and carefully timed intervals, that the Powellites and Powellism came into being and that he was able, as Schoen successfully argues, to influence the outcome of two general elections and build a very broad and lasting mass following.

With this base of popular support Powell identified himself with two other issues: the United Kingdom and the Common Market with which was connected Powell's romantic notions about Englishness, and the relations between the United Kingdom and Ulster. Both are issues of fundamental importance to this country. No one can accuse Powell of concentrating on trivia. He has never allowed himself to waste time—his own or the public's—on things that do not matter. Assuming that he sees himself as a tribune of the people, what is interesting and well worth examination is that of the major issues on which he has chosen to concentrate, only one—immigration—has elicited a substantial popular response specifically identified with his name.

The EEC is one of the many matters on which Powell has changed his mind, but he misjudged the extent to which the emotions of the public could be involved. He was right to point out that both the Labour and Conservative Governments fudged and ducked the issue of sovereignty, but he was wrong to suppose that the electorate's feelings could be mobilized on an abstract constitutional issue: on the sovereignty of Parliament and on the dilution of the identity of the British/English in the EEC debates. On this matter he did not choose to play the straight xenophobic card as strongly as he did on immigration, and he largely neglected the cost of living as a useful scarecrow. People showed themselves as not particularly lawless, but in any case for a strict constitutionalist there was a contradiction inherent in a defender of the sovereignty of Parliament accepting that its sovereignty need be confirmed by a referendum.

Was it perhaps his Welsh background that prompted the rather odd series of speeches which he made from 1964 onwards, calling on the British people to reassert their national and cultural identity by recognizing they were "once more akin with the old English of the days before Elizabeth I and the Tudors"? These orations, as Schoen points out, "extraordinarily romantic and sentimental for a politician who had earned his reputation for being a coldly logical thinker and a more like the 'Tudors'?" These orations, as Schoen points out, "extraordinarily romantic and sentimental for a politician who had earned his reputation for being a coldly logical thinker and a more like the 'Tudors'?"

## Friendship

One day I do you a good turn. Then  
You do me two good turns.  
I am pleased by that & say so the next day.

You break the lead in your pencil.  
I loan you mine.  
You give me an expensive fountain pen.

I play you a recording of The Modern Jazz Quartet.  
Though you like Milt Jackson's vibes, you  
Take me to The Ring at Covent Garden after which

We introduce each other to our wives.  
My wife teaches your wife how to cook fondue.  
Your wife teaches my wife how to live.

I dedicate my book to you & you are moved.  
You make a character of me in your review.  
It is singled out for praise by the reviewers.

I give my mistress to your loyalist disciple.  
Claiming he is bored with her, you have  
The wench returned; her skills are much improved.

When I sing my secret love song about mountains,  
You take me to the mountains  
In your car: You have a cabin there

Where after drinks we agree to a primitive contest.  
Preparing for it, you  
Scar your face grotesquely with a razor blade.

Upon return, I burn for you my manuscript.  
For me you smash your files. I wreck my mother's house.  
You wreck your only daughter's mind.

In the end, I write a letter saying:  
I forgive you. But you do not write back.  
It is now the time for silence.

For we are friends. We love each other very much.

John Matthias

tion manifests and the Portrush Declaration to significant devotion to Stormont within the context of a federal United Kingdom.

By his often repeated acceptance of the manifesto and the Portrush Declaration, Powell appeared to be accepting these positions as his own. Yet he has also set himself, unambiguously against federalism for the same reason that he opposed EEC membership: the sovereignty of Parliament would be undermined.

Despite the fact that he stood on a manifesto committed to federalism, he set himself firmly against any constitutional alterations of that sort in a speech early in 1976. That he could have defended a manifesto which explicitly called for a federal structure and also spoke against federalism so forthrightly seems to be the most fundamental contradiction of his career.

It is not enough to conclude from this that Powellism was a phenomenon solely based on attitudes to race and immigration. Schoen goes to much trouble and to a meticulous examination of the theoretical literature on political extremism and of poll data to identify the other sources which Powell relied on. Most of us would agree that Powell is a rather special case of extremism, and as so often the polls confirm an obvious conclusion. But the evidence collected is not without interest; it confirms that people had a complicated, not to say sophisticated, set of attitudes towards him.

When it was asked which politician was seen as the most extreme, Powell was the choice of an overwhelming majority (Powell 45 per cent, Foot 12 per cent, Wedgwood Benn 12 per cent, Gallup, 1973). Among non-Powellites he was appreciated for enlarging the accepted area of political discussion and debate. But while 36 per cent of an ORC sample in 1973 said Powell was the only politician to deserve in Britain, only 19 per cent said that the Tory Party would be better off with him as leader. Thus while a substantial number of people thought that Powell was a useful element in the political life of the country, a relatively few thought that the nation would put its destiny in his hands.

There has been much resonance in Ulster. The historical basis of the past eight years has been based on a consensus of indifference on the part of the English population. The Scots have kept well out, fearful that the conflict would spread into their country. The Scottish Nationalist Party has been studiously quiet about Ulster—they leave this matter to the English and, as it were, so much the worse for them. But, in addition, Ulster is the one issue on which Powell has got himself into a logical difficulty. The UUUC was committed by its election

Over fifty pages of this book are concerned with theories of political extremism to discover their utility in explaining Powellism. Schoen concludes that they fail "to employ as powerful explanatory tools" as our understanding of Powell's support. For example, the theory of mass politics holds that mass society is associated with a weakening of voluntary associations and group ties in the lives of the population. When this occurs the political system is necessarily affected, and in such circumstances it might be expected that the unattached and alienated would be attracted to extremist policies and leaders, as after all, was the case in Germany in the 1920s and early 1930s.

The polls, however, indicate that Powellites do not reflect this picture. On the contrary they identify with the major parties more strongly than the electorate as a whole (44 per cent of Powellites as against 42 per cent of the electorate in 1974). Similarly, Powellites showed higher levels of trade union membership and actively than non-Powellites, though they were more likely to say that the unions had too much power in society. As Schoen wisely comments, "membership and activity in unions do not necessarily imply a positive commitment to the role they play in society". Nor, one might add, is the policies they support.

Theories of social mobility do not fare much better. The poll data of an observer of the EEC issue would have noted that, as members of the working class climbed to C1, more were likely to support Powell than most of the population. There is also some evidence to suggest that the views of voters are likely to move in the same direction. But not unreasonably the bulk of Powell's support came from those who were neither moving up nor down, and hypotheses derived from social mobility do not seem to explain their support. Arguments from "status inconsistency" as dismissed as "useless for an explanation of the major section of Powell's support", though they may be useful in explaining why some in the United States tend to vote Democrat and prosperous Asians in this country vote Labour. Finally, the single rough test, as the author describes it, of the relative deprivation hypothesis—"The most likely to compare themselves with other reference groups were least likely to support Powell." At the end of his careful analysis of theories of political extremism and the maelstrom of contemporary sociology Schoen concludes that Powell's support between 1968-70 derived from his stand on immigration which coincided with a period of growing political disillusionment; and that after 1970 there was marked change in the composition of his support. His following became more diffuse, political illu-

lusion grew to be almost as important, but never as important as racial attitudes; the Conservative Party identification became an almost negligible importance after his turn away from the Tory Party in June, 1973; i.e. Powellism was the politics of protest, and the protest may well have been connected with what the election saw as a neglect on the part of a government of the needs of the working class.

The evidence for this is only too obvious. Conclusion from the polls, from David Butler's election studies, and from significant quotations in this chapter of the book are not from Kornhauser, Lipset, Zetterberg, Raab, Lenski and Runciman, social scientists to a man and with one exception Americans to boot, but from newspaper reports, political commentators and journalists.

It would appear that theories of political extremism, most of which derive from the United States experience, may not necessarily be enlightening as explanations of political events in this country. The empirical data on which they are based and the conclusions reached from it may not apply. Porters are different from Powell supporters because they are responding to different circumstances within a different political system in which the politics of protest

manifests itself among different groups of people. Class stratification in this country, though in my view it has changed more radically among the under-thirties than it has generally supposed or than some people care to admit, is in Schoen's view a significant factor. So is English confidence in their Englishness—and so is the political system.

We should also consider the value of poll data for illuminating the career of an individual politician. Powell's career is so closely identified with race and immigration, as this book demonstrates, that he provides a good test case for the technique. The difficulty is that until a public figure is well established, i.e. until he is a potential Prime Minister or Presidential candidate, few polls will be taken which directly relate to him for the simple reason that the sample questioned would be unable to provide useful answers. Until 1968, the year in which Enoch Powell found an issue which, expressed in the rhetoric he deliberately chose to employ, outflanked and went over the head of Westminster politics—the public when asked about him would have been largely "Don't Knows".

There can be no doubt that poll data explain the cause of his rise to fame and political prominence. It was race; and Schoen provides the evidence. It is equally true that during the period 1968-75 race became a less important political issue, so Powell's support declined. Nor was the EEC a substitute, for although it engaged the interest of a substantial proportion of the population, it was neither so peculiarly identified with Powell nor was it, contrary I suppose to his expectations, so emotionally explosive. Moreover, it is difficult, if not impossible, to tell how much his influence on the EEC issue was affected by his identification with race, the two having obvious xenophobic connections. And since polling on the EEC was not about Powell's attitude to it, it is impossible to measure either its impact or the effect it had on his reputation. As Schoen writes: "No survey data on which to base a judgement of how Powell's and EEC activities affected his public standing".

So, I would add, is his effect on the referendum. This is a fair example of the limitations of poll data, which normally deal with issues rather than individuals, as an instrument for biographical study. But even in the case of race with which Powell's name is so closely identified, the results of sample surveys need to be examined with the utmost caution, because from that which refers to "coloured people born (or settled) in Britain", i.e. people distinguish sharply between "immigrants" and those born or settled here. They fear further immigration, they accept that those who are settled in this country should receive equal treatment irrespective of their race or

colour and support measures to see that such equality of treatment is in fact secured.

It is stupid to criticize a book because it does not answer all the questions which it raises. Schoen's book is, after all, transparently a thesis in origin and its original terms of reference were doubtless narrow. The publishers may be criticized for the title—*Enoch Powell and the Powellites*—because the Powell portrayed is largely drawn from the public record and not even from all of that. Such a complex figure, so rare in British political history, demands a more subtle, more curious analysis. Schoen compounds the offence, if such there be, by conclusions about his subject in the last chapter of his book for which the evidence is not always to be found within it. So we have seen "he writes 'that in [Powell] was a man of rigid principle'".

His tactical abilities were, second to none. He was able to build a very broad and lasting mass following. Yet while he was able to influence the outcome of two elections... and play a major role in bringing down the Government and leadership of Edward Heath, Powell is now a political outcast. For all its brilliance his career has, in this sense, been a failure. Given his enormous and obvious strengths we must ask ourselves why that should be so.

The public record, batteries of polls and contemporary sociological theories are not enough to answer that very interesting question. There is evidence in Schoen's book which provides signposts to an answer. Powell was never prepared to organize in Parliament nor in the country. Apart from race the population has not shared his concerns with laissez-faire economics, parliamentary sovereignty, or the more general notion of "Englishness". They have turned away from Ulster. He has failed to articulate the unspoken feelings of the masses except in connection with race; and race according to the polls is, as a topic, low on their list of political priorities.

Sample surveys cannot answer the question. To answer it a far more "political" account of Powell and the Powellites is required. Schoen neglects the politics of politics to a remarkable degree. Powell's age (he is now 65) is never mentioned, yet the naive politician paces his career in terms of general elections and his age. To take a different example, one of the most interesting only one item in the index, yet the relationship between Powellites and membership of the National Front is the kind of topic on which Schoen's techniques should be able to throw light. In fact, Martin Walker's book on the National Front is far more revealing on this topic. To say of a politician whom you describe as a political outcast, and a failure that his tactical abilities are "second to none" is a paradox which requires more explanation than is provided.

The conclusion to which this leads me is that Powell (though not the Powellites) is a phenomenon which requires a political and psychological analysis in addition to a sociological analysis. To this day analysts he appears to be a man who has been interested in strategy and despised tactics. Seeing his capacities as higher than those of his peers, to accept the pool has been the only acceptable ambition: to be appointed to a chair of classics at a younger age than A. E. Housman, hence the journey to Sydney as professor of Greek at the age of twenty-five; to be Vicar of India; to be more than Prime Minister; to be the man called to save the country from a series of disasters arising from inflation or race or amalgamation within continental Europe or an Irish revolution—these may be signs of the explanation of an odd career, pursued or being pursued, to the bitter end.

I doubt if Powell foresaw the public reaction to his Birmingham speech, nor how he himself would respond to it. To a lonely figure such a vast public response must have been intoxicating. Nor I am sure did he foresee that his boys shouting "Enoch! Enoch!" would be prompted to beat up Asian contemporaries as a consequence. Nor did he (nor has he) ever considered how it would feel to be a young person, aged, say, fifteen, of West Indian or Asian origin, born in this country, and spoken of in the wounding terms he employs.

Proper English Conservatives are more concerned with the fragile nature of social cohesion, more sceptical about the effectiveness and the consequences of the kind of radical solutions which Powell has launched in his speeches. And rightly so—the lead he gave has been taken up, nurtured and exploited by the National Front, a party with which he cannot have intellectual sympathy, but which he has never been able to bring himself to denounce, any more than he has been ready to denounce racial violence against members of minority groups.

Traditional Conservative derivation, a scepticism about the effectiveness of human action. It is "Humean" rather than romantic. "Nothing matters very much" is said to have been the great Lord Salisbury's attitude on the dispatch of an enthusiastic official. But Powell is a romantic inspired by German ideology. In May 1970, Powell contributed to the BBC radio series *With Great Pleasure* in which he presented a personal selection of prose, verse and music. These were his opening words:

From these words of *Sartre Resartus*, where Thomas Carlyle describes the boyhood of his imaginary German scholar and philosopher, I set out upon a sentimental journey which I have never returned to. I remember, as sharply as Keats recalled

first looking into Chapman's Homer, the moment—it must have been in 1927—when I opened my first German book. Here was the language I had dreamt of. I had never known existed—sharp, hard, strict, but with words which were romance in themselves; words in which poetry and music vibrated together. The opening of this new world was followed not long after by another initiation—I discovered Carlyle. So there had been someone else who thrilled to German as I did and could express in English—and in what English—all that I felt about my new-found spiritual home.

It is hardly surprising that the Tory Party should almost instinctively reject someone the springs of whose inspiration are so alien to its traditions. If ever there was an alien wedge in the body politic of the Tory Party it is Powell.

Enoch Powell will remain an interesting figure in the history of English politics, someone who is outside the tradition unless perhaps one looks back to the seventeenth century. But at the end of the day—and now the day is nearly over—he must be judged as a politician, by the standards of the profession which he chose, judged by political standards he can hardly be regarded as a successful member of the species. I am convinced by Schoen that he influenced the result of two general elections, which is a substantial achievement. But Schoen overestimates his influence. The forces which produced Mrs Thatcher, the reversion to Selsdon politics and monetarist economics can hardly be ascribed to Powell alone. He was one among many voices and there is also a man called Joseph. The opposition to the EEC reflects no more than an unhappy combination of the Tory right and the Labour left, both of whom still are, in their separate ways, the centre of the globe. Ulster was and remains an unbridgeable mistake.

So we revert to race, the heart of his constituency, the source of his influence. Here his achievement has been to raise the temperature, to debauch the language, to undermine still further the necessity of the dispatch of an articulate and thereby to reinforce prejudice. But he has not altered the terms of the debate. He did not launch the anti-immigration issue; he was preceded by Cyril Osborne and he was accompanied by Duncan Sandys. If he has not created some other else expressing the same views would have taken his place. But the National Front remains a worrying phenomenon for which he has made the way straight and more nearly respectable than it would otherwise have been. The various crises which Powell has foreseen may still befall this country but with the passage of time the possibility of his being called to solve them becomes more and more remote.

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# Finishing strongly

By Roy Fuller

ANTHONY THWAITE:

A Portion for Foxes  
48pp. Oxford University Press.  
£2.25.

The blurb rightly directs attention to some extensions of range in *A Portion for Foxes*. Anthony Thwaite's new collection of poems, but with exceptions noted later everything here deftly engages with the poet's talent as we have known it in the past. Indeed, the book (like a selected poems) almost seems designed to display that talent at its best—dramas and styles blending and emerging in a quite masterly arrangement of the material. Thwaite is a poet who cares about his readers as well as about his poems, and his poems are almost always designed to display that talent at its best—dramas and styles blending and emerging in a quite masterly arrangement of the material. Thwaite is a poet who cares about his readers as well as about his poems, and his poems are almost always designed to display that talent at its best—dramas and styles blending and emerging in a quite masterly arrangement of the material.

On glistering hooks, husbands and  
Silent, and broken, and made  
separate  
By hungers never known or  
understood.

## Recorded delivery

By Gavin Ewart

CLIVE JAMES:

Fan-Mail  
Seven Verse Letters  
64pp. Faber, £1.95.

Clive James deserves high marks for trying. Verse letters almost always fail, except in the hands of the most talented (Pope, Auden). Even so, admirable as John Fuller does not do well with them (*Epistles To Several Persons* is his weakest book). They so easily become boring or, as a collection, seem self-congratulatory. Look at me, surrounded by my famous (or semi-famous) friends!—like those poems people write subtitled "For Allen Ginsberg" or "For Ted Hughes", a kind of name-dropping.

In *Fan-Mail* the rhymes are often the trouble. In this sort of verse, where the content is not so breath-taking, you notice them more.

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By agencies beyond the powers they  
had,  
By actions pumping fear into my  
blood.

Poem after poem displays this verbal power, to which is added a technique always sound, never merely showy. The new-style pieces (which start the book) remain these virtues but add a certain inexplicitness or mystery to the "plot" which Thwaite insists his poems shall have. They are very good pieces in themselves (quite short, no more than detailed metaphors in essence) and also indicate a line of development that can surely only be beneficial when the poet is fundamentally so clear and rational. For lucidity and sense, though not unpoetic, are not to rest one's laurels on but to be imposed on deepening experience, and this we come to feel Thwaite is reassuringly well aware of.

Factor/actor, presence/Donald  
Pleasure; standard, ordinary. Ideal  
of Jack of; a bit better. The back  
is the really way-out rhyme (like  
Byron's intellectual/humped you  
all). In his other writings James  
has occasionally produced this kind  
of rhyme, but they are sadly missing  
here. The standard sometimes drops  
as far as famous/Martin Amis and  
figures/plg is.

The first letter, to Russell Davies,  
is in rhyme royal and at least has  
the merit of doing so something  
about rhyming. How interesting  
though, next though they are, are  
lines like "A paradox worth ponder-  
ing upon: /Wo each loathed  
Academy, yet wad a Don"? The  
outburst in praise of the Remoist  
in the *Cathedral* gallery reminds a  
bit of the educated negro in  
Watt's novel who asks Dr Pagan  
if he has read *Hamlet*, *Macbeth* and  
*King Lear*. Culture is wonderful if  
you discover it for yourself.

The second letter (to John Fuller,  
using Burns's satirical stanza) is  
terrible. A great choice of words,  
ragged edges (Druid/answered) do  
not help; but the scansion, a lot  
of the time, hardly exists. "John  
Fuller, though you haven't yet"  
is supposed to be an iambic tetra-  
meter. It can be made so by  
pronouncing "haven't" as one  
syllable. "At the Pillars of Her-  
cules, in the bar" is supposed to  
be an iambic pentameter. It is  
supposed to be a fair medium for  
poetry; but if you are writing  
doggerel, don't claim that you are  
writing "Burnesian rime couplets".

The letter to Martin Amis is  
easily the best. The atmosphere of  
the Indianapolis car race is brilli-  
antly done—descriptive writing of  
the highest kind and of much more  
interest than examining a friend's  
virtues. Only the final line (and  
James is for more at home in the  
Spenserian stanza) is a let-down:  
"The Heritage of Culture, I assure  
you, /Like everything, you lucky  
sod, is All Before You."

Letter Number 4 (to singer Peter  
Ackins) is a medium good—*Encore-  
Encore* is a nice rhyme—and  
shows that Clive James can write  
Rock as well as High Art. The letter  
to Prue Shaw (his wife) in *terza  
rima*, is in general well written,  
though occasionally nine syllables  
are found trying to do the work of  
ten ("You'd thrive on a four  
hundred mile hike" with the  
stresses all to hell. Letter Num-  
ber 6, to Tom Stoppard, poses  
questions. Why write "At the  
actual 'Writing' which doesn't  
write"?

Letter Number 7 (to Peter Porter,  
number 7) describes him as "much the most  
authentically English of all the  
great writers have created. How  
does James know that? In the  
complete work quite well, with  
feminine rhymes liberally repre-  
sented. Pound told: Effort to cut  
the heroic couplets out of the  
West End, saying that Pope had  
written them so supremely well  
that all his successors were bound  
to follow him. James must be congratulated  
for having 'gotten' that, except to  
their recipients, these letters  
haven't much to offer.

Perhaps the closest man really  
does dream of one day defeating  
the witch in the self-centred fairy-  
tale that he has allowed his life  
to become, but Mr. Edson's personae  
are almost invariably female bits  
of whimsy in which there is little  
of the sustained energy of art.

Mr. Edson's latest volume is  
shallowly "booked" in the tradi-  
tion of the American "booked"  
of the new. Jonathan Aldrich's  
*Croquet Lover at the Dinner Table*  
shows the growth of a poet's art  
through a rich variety of imported



"Keeper", by Ben Johnson: one of the works in the exhibition.  
"The Figurative Approach 2" at the Royal Fine Art, King Street,  
London SW1, until the end of August.

## Nothing doing

By Alan Young

RUSSELL EDSON:

The Reason Why the Closet-Man is  
Never Sad  
72pp. Middletown, Connecticut:  
Wesleyan University Press. \$7.50  
(paperback, \$3.45).

JONATHAN ALDRICH:

Croquet Lover at the Dinner Table  
64pp. Columbia: University of  
Missouri Press. \$6.25.

Although the fifty-five short prose-  
fables of Russell Edson's *The Reason  
Why the Closet-Man is Never Sad*  
are presented in alphabetical  
order it is just possible that the  
work has an intended fictional unity,  
involving a number of drama-  
tic personae who are made to under-  
go dreary and inconsequential non-  
experiences. The non-hero of the  
title poem lives unsadly, though not  
happily, in a house with no room  
because "Things happen in rooms."  
He does not like things to happen.  
Another afflicted individual in "Sum-  
mer, Forty Years Later"—who may  
be the same anti-character—  
emerges in middle-age from a closet  
of maternal domination to contem-  
plate pathetically his time-changed  
world.

From the front porch he sees  
that the midday sky is darker than  
he remembered it; the green of  
the lawn and trees has also dark-  
ened; too many nights, too many  
coats of varnish.

This is not the same summer,  
the color is gone . . .  
Most of the pieces begin in a  
bright, buttonholing way, promising  
sometimes lyrical, sometimes fan-  
tastic or nightmare developments.  
For example, "He has built him-  
self a cottage in a wood, near where  
the insect rubs its wings in song." And  
"A clown destroys a large  
river which has been growing in  
his room for several years." But  
the actual narrative developments  
are almost invariably flat bits  
of whimsy in which there is little  
of the sustained energy of art.

Perhaps the closest man really  
does dream of one day defeating  
the witch in the self-centred fairy-  
tale that he has allowed his life  
to become, but Mr. Edson's personae  
are almost invariably female bits  
of whimsy in which there is little  
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Mr. Edson's latest volume is  
shallowly "booked" in the tradi-  
tion of the American "booked"  
of the new. Jonathan Aldrich's  
*Croquet Lover at the Dinner Table*  
shows the growth of a poet's art  
through a rich variety of imported

and home-grown American tradi-  
tions. Mr. Aldrich is a gifted lyrical  
craftsman who delights in the ex-  
pressive possibilities of form. Be-  
cause he has something to say and  
a sensitive ear for rhythm and cadence  
his poems never become formalist or  
artistic exercises even when he is  
using strict syllables, or the  
villanelle form, or evoking some  
of Emily Dickinson's or Edward  
Thomas's characteristic ways of  
saying.

The volume's centrepiece, "The  
Shaker Village", a poem  
spoken by a girl who lives in a  
Shaker village in Massachusetts in  
the mid-nineteenth century and  
responds to her awareness of  
natural chaos and sin by accepting,  
though neither naively nor meekly,  
the orderly ways of the Shaker com-  
munity: the four poems of her  
section are appropriately formal  
and lithe. The boy, living in the  
same village a century later, is not  
a Shaker. His thought and feeling  
are projected in free verse for the  
most part, though Mr. Aldrich  
achieves his strict effects even here  
in the strictly syllabic but energetic  
"Tiger Lilies", and in a tender  
half-ironic elegy ("Tradewinds")  
which ends:

One may envy  
that beautifully false  
neutrality:  
but when she calls,  
a nosing whelporwill  
allows that it  
was only natural,  
your dying out.

Other poems in the collection  
show Mr. Aldrich's mastery of a  
variety of tones and voices, ranging  
from the tough-thinking private  
detective (in another poem-  
sequence, "Fading Blues") to an  
inward-looking poet who listens  
quietly to how the small, wild  
creatures "criticize" his typed  
poems:  
And they'll say of my dim  
machine there, its keys  
are tapping to release the narrow  
fireplace leaf after leaf  
of an old discrepancy.

("Marks" after Edward Thomas)  
When his control relaxes, as it  
does occasionally, Aldrich can be  
as erratic or sentimentally coy as  
any other American poet suffering  
from the current general failure of  
nerve and self-discipline, but there  
is much to be optimistic about after  
reading this book. In his final poem  
he shows that he realizes where his  
strength and essential vision are to  
be found—where form and content  
are fused together. And he knows  
that it is there that poetry-making  
becomes an act of vital discovery.

I like sitting here among stones  
folded deep into the night, hearing  
our nightly brook, drawn back  
to life, doctored things I need  
to know.

## Hymn to him

By Victoria Glendinning

EDNA O'BRIEN:

Johnny I Hardly Knew You  
143pp. Weldonfeld and Nicolson.  
£3.65.

Edna O'Brien's new novel, while  
lapped in lyricism, is full of aggres-  
sion: an aggression which is taken  
to its unnatural conclusion when  
Nora, the narrator, murders the  
young man she loves. Hart is a stu-  
dent, her son's friend; she loves her  
son as well, "incest raising its little  
unsured head" on occasion. Her  
emotional history is one of failure,  
of man after man exercising him-  
self from involvement. "The ad-  
mitted over-lover", as the blurb  
calls Nora, is torn between hatred  
of the eternally defecting male and  
a longing for "a faithful love".  
"Haven't I always been attending  
to him, and dancing attendance  
upon him, and being a slave to a  
him and being trampled on by a  
him?"

The final violence is not  
gratuitous: "Frankly, have I not  
always had a secret desire to kill?"  
When Hart has an epileptic fit in  
his bath she revenges herself on all  
men, especially on her father with  
his "long shins and his cuttlebone  
tongue", and knows "the gruesome  
power of the hand that strikes".  
More striking, however, than any  
amount of gruesome power is Nora's  
identification with her victim, as she  
sees her own "begging finished  
self" reflected in him. This vital  
link between fear and murderous-  
ness is well made; but the refer-  
ences on the jacket to *Crime and  
Punishment* and *Cammo's Outburst*  
are ill advised. Edna O'Brien is not  
in that league.

Yet her writing fascinates. It  
flows with an undoubted authority,  
while always teetering on the  
brink of cliché and absurdity. She  
can, however, deflect with one  
effective word her own passionate  
flow: "This going to cause the worst  
that carried and bore me, and the  
bottle that gave me suck." It would  
have been so much more expected  
to have written "breasts" instead  
of "bottle". She can, again with

one word, dignify an ordinary  
thought: looking at migrating birds,  
Nora wonders "if at least one of  
them wanted to tag behind or is  
nature flawless in that way".  
"Flawless" is a good word, thrown  
in by art or artlessness.

The artlessness of her art, and  
her recurring wryness, are Edna  
O'Brien's strengths. Nora recalls  
an ex-lover "getting his tongue  
sweetly inside the edging of my  
lovely or unlovely gusset and rein-  
stating the sweetness, the moistures  
of other times". The choice of  
the word "gusset"—lovely or un-  
lovely—is extraordinary; the flood-  
ing final insight into the long as-  
sociations of pleasure is subtle. In  
another scene, a Labrador dog is  
cleaving his mistress's knickers.  
"I'm sorry to dwell on knickers,  
but they do seem to bring out the  
characteristic features of Miss  
O'Brien's writing." Nora is eating  
new potatoes out of a pan, "Quickly  
[the dog] discarded the knickers  
and waited for each new potato  
while I masticated mine." "Masti-  
cated" is a formal, lace-curtain,  
genteel word in this context.  
Sometimes she surprises with a  
schoolgirl turn of phrase: after the  
murder Nora quivers puts the room  
to rights and dresses "in a wisened  
speed". She refers to the Festival  
of Midlungh, not, as is usual, the  
Edinburgh Festival. At these times  
one seems to hear the voice of a  
child who knows everything about  
life and order, the order of the  
what she knows, must use the half-  
absorbed language of adults.

Artlessness, however artful,  
results in sudden flashes of truth-  
fulness of a kind seldom expressed  
in more cerebral writing. The diffi-  
culty of the adult woman in adapt-  
ing to the customs of the young  
of student life are not romanticized.  
The novel is episodic, and several  
of the episodes—Nora seeing the  
Palo in Siena, Nora foiling an  
attempted rape, Nora as a green  
girl with other green girls visiting  
a newly married friend—could have  
stood on their own as short stories.  
Yet *Johnny I Hardly Knew You*  
is held together by what has always  
held Edna O'Brien's writing  
together: a fluency which cel-  
ebrates the failure of love, and the  
belief that "even the blights of love  
have in them such radiance that  
they make other happiness pale  
indeed".

## Japanese wha hae

By Vernon Scannell

GEORGE MACBETH:

The Survivor  
135pp. Quartet Books. £4.95.

George Macbeth, as both improviser  
and practitioner of poetry, has  
shown over the years an occasional  
tendency to become infatuated with  
the sensational, eccentric and  
fashionably baroque, though this too  
engendered readiness to explore the new  
found in the use of *Shakespeare*,  
balanced by a shrewd awareness of  
what is imperishable in traditional  
English poetry. So I took up *The  
Survivor* with lively curiosity to  
see what approach to the novel he  
would adopt. I had not read his  
previous two works of prose fiction  
so this was my introduction to  
Macbeth the novelist. I was not  
surprised that the book should be  
formally "experimental": intensely  
cinematic, with its use of flashback,  
cross-cutting, dissolves and zooming  
shots, nor that it should eschew  
realism for something more oblique,  
ambiguous, surreal, that it should  
be much concerned with physical  
violence, and unorthodox sexuality,  
but I was not quite prepared for  
its almost crazy resolve to spare the  
reader nothing in the way of human  
perversion.

The story deals with the plight of  
a Japanese officer who has crashed  
his plane on a Pacific island during  
the Second World War. Or so the  
blurb says. I am still not sure.  
The protagonist is referred to at  
times as "the captain" and at  
others simply as "the man". He has  
a taste for bagpipe music and  
malt whisky and his daughter,  
whom he has energetically ravished,  
was wearing a bikini at the time  
and, if I have followed things  
correctly, she subsequently drowned  
herself in a Loch in Banffshire. So  
if the captain/man is indeed Japan-  
ese he has unusually strange Cale-

donian afflictions. In the lighthouse  
on the island he encounters a dog,  
a girl, an American soldier and a  
"native" though it is by no means  
clear which, if any, of these charac-  
ters exist outside the captain's char-  
acter and the novel's mind. While  
he is usually shy, self-angry, un-  
easy in both class and common  
room; and as often as not he subli-  
mates his sense of inadequacy in an  
uncommon rapport with a sensi-  
tive pupil, James Burnett.

Jonathan Smith's second novel is  
no exception. Blighted in love,  
misunderstood by and misunder-  
standing his friends, he retreats to  
his attic flat to read Doris Lessing  
long into the night. His loves poetry  
(carries his new Luckin in his  
pocket) and makes plans. "It's a  
superficial kind of thing, isn't it,  
all this clever talk at parties", he  
ventures to a friend. He would  
prefer to talk about literature, and  
real life.

This last eludes him, since litera-  
ture (he learns painfully) is not  
like life. Living in and for books,  
he is socially and emotionally un-  
developed, falling back on quotation  
when an original response fails him.  
As a pre-term party he meets Helen,  
a new teacher at the local compre-  
hensive on the wrong side of town,  
and Tom, a visiting Australian who  
also teaches English literature.  
James falls in love with Helen and  
learns to admire Tom, who says what  
he thinks without any English un-  
derstatement or circumlocution. James  
seldom says what he thinks, even  
when it matters that he should:  
"The small gap between words,  
James thought, so small and so  
clear, one almost needed to be  
bilingual." But James speaks only  
one language, and that without in-  
flexion. As a character he is a  
dullard; he is also a bit of a prig.  
One does not have to disagree with  
the author's passing dig at "those  
smart comic novels written by  
Bright Young Men. Young things  
with endless pages of trendy sex  
to require something more, all com-  
ing, trying to be different."

In Gavin Scott's *Hot Pursuit* (193pp,  
Collins, £2.95), newspaper magnate  
Lord Hammerman sends a young  
journalist to New Zealand to find  
out why no news has been received  
from a true research station there.  
The unnamed narrator finds the  
station deserted, but nearby is a  
crashed Russian satellite. The  
plot is thin but two thirds of the  
book consists of a glorious chase  
the best for a long time.

## Down with Hispanity

By John Butt

CARLOS FUENTES:

Terra Nostra  
Translated by Margaret Sayers  
Pedden  
777pp. Secker and Warburg. £3.90.

There is a tradition of violent cul-  
tural self-denigration in Hispanic  
literature: ritual expiations of the  
black legend of Spanish cruelty,  
stupidity, ignorance and fanaticism.  
Their mission to be a re-  
proach to the horrendous Old  
World—a distorted vision of Philip  
II's Spain in which "Philip" is  
married to the witch "Elizabeth  
vador" and is the child of his  
historical grandparents, Philip the  
Fair and Joanna the Mad.  
"Philip" is engaged to building  
the Escorial, a symbol of his heroic  
and futile war against change, diver-  
sity and plurality, and the heresy,  
self-doubt and sexuality which  
undermine him from within. His  
tragic queen's all too successful  
society (deflowered by mice after  
lying for weeks on the palace floor  
she briefly turns into a bat) spouts  
of those dimensions of human cul-  
ture and nature rooted out by  
Hispanity: Islam, Judaism, occu-  
pation, Adamite and other heresies,  
sexuality, the three prophetic  
brothers and other images of rest-  
less, irrational life too numerous to  
list. "Through this realm of Death,  
Joanna the Mad, the mad tramples  
the mutilated body of her husband in  
a glacial procession. This, then,  
is the Old World—described in a  
language remarkable for its terrible  
images of blood, putrefaction, excre-  
ment, madness and pain.

One twelve-toed incarnation  
returns to Spain with a report of  
a New World where he has been  
initiated in a mythology in which  
Life, Death and Memory are held in  
harmonious balance. "Philip's"  
ravenous spire seeks and obtains  
permission to plunder this Western  
Eden, and towards the end of the  
novel images of Phantom bombers

dominate affluence. In the lighthouse  
on the island he encounters a dog,  
a girl, an American soldier and a  
"native" though it is by no means  
clear which, if any, of these charac-  
ters exist outside the captain's char-  
acter and the novel's mind. While  
he is usually shy, self-angry, un-  
easy in both class and common  
room; and as often as not he subli-  
mates his sense of inadequacy in an  
uncommon rapport with a sensi-  
tive pupil, James Burnett.

## Unsmart young thing

By David Wilson

JONATHAN SMITH:

The English Lover  
191pp. Hutchinson. £3.95.

The sensitive schoolmaster has a  
long passage in the English novel.  
He is usually shy, self-angry, un-  
easy in both class and common  
room; and as often as not he subli-  
mates his sense of inadequacy in an  
uncommon rapport with a sensi-  
tive pupil, James Burnett.

Jonathan Smith's second novel is  
no exception. Blighted in love,  
misunderstood by and misunder-  
standing his friends, he retreats to  
his attic flat to read Doris Lessing  
long into the night. His loves poetry  
(carries his new Luckin in his  
pocket) and makes plans. "It's a  
superficial kind of thing, isn't it,  
all this clever talk at parties", he  
ventures to a friend. He would  
prefer to talk about literature, and  
real life.

This last eludes him, since litera-  
ture (he learns painfully) is not  
like life. Living in and for books,  
he is socially and emotionally un-  
developed, falling back on quotation  
when an original response fails him.  
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a new teacher at the local compre-  
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the author's passing dig at "those  
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Bright Young Men. Young things  
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# The community of the pit

By Paul Thompson

**RAFAEL SAMUEL** (Editor):  
Miners, Quarrymen and Saltworkers  
363pp. Routledge and Kegan Paul.  
£6.50 (paperback, £3.75).

**ROBERT COLLIS**:  
The Collier's Rent  
Song and Culture in the Industrial  
Village.  
216pp. Croom Helm. £6.50.

The Durham miners stare at us from the endpapers, cloth-capped, their jackets crumpled, neckties loose and waistcoats unbuttoned, clutching their pit lamps between their rolled-up trousers. And rightly, for it is around the large, strong-armed, militantly class-conscious in his tight, isolated community, that both these books revolve, half-held, yet at the same time redefining the image and juxtaposing with surprising others. Each combines a response to history and to personal social experience. *The Collier's Rent*, conceived in the context of Sussex University, is at the same time a bridge back to Robert Collis's childhood in a Tyneside shipyard worker's family. More ambitious still is *Miners, Quarrymen and Saltworkers*, the second volume in the History Workshop Series, where the deft hand of Rafael Samuel has brought together the grandson of a Welsh slate quarryman now also a professional historian, a former Cheshire chemical worker, and from Durham itself a coal-miner who combines rank-and-file trade unionism with erudite and collected folklore. And the result is truly remarkable: a broadside of argument, buttressed by intense observation in the workplace itself, fertile in its own tensions, and extending past through the very cumulations of footnotes. It crystallizes in print that special combination of embattled scholarship and an almost romantic love for the detail of labour, which gives the History Workshop character, and which makes it a new kind of meaning.

Mr Samuel opens with a survey of Victorian miners and quarry-workers which immediately reverses the conventional image. These are not yet the established coal-miners of the modern deep seams, but a transitory, migrant, last of its kind, workers, often seasonal part-timers taking breaks from other trades or the land, digging and heaving a whole range of materials: tin and lead, copper (a major early nineteenth-century industry), salt, slate, granite and building stone, mud and chalk for cement, sand for glass-making, steel-making and house-keeping, clay for brick-making—the raw materials both for the booming new industries and the old ones which were spawned, all clawed from the earth around them, leaving it pitted with the pockmarks of innumerable small pits. There are at this stage few large enterprises and the use of machinery is very limited. Even after 1900 nearly all coal was hand-hewn, stone was hand-hammered and dressed, gunflint hand-knapped and flaked, roofing slates split with wedges and hammers and chopped with knives, the clay which lined steel furnaces and gas retorts trod with bare feet. The typical miner and quarryman thus needed special manual skills. But he fitted oddly into the Victorian class structure, closer to the peasant than the workingman, yet not normally organized in unions.

Even in the coalfields, trade unionism was transient before the 1870s (the saltworkers and North Welsh slate quarrymen discussed in Samuel's book are exceptions). It was the frequent opening of new enterprises—the average life of a pit or quarry for most materials was a mere five years—which kept up the demand for labour and, consequently, with the diversity of local traditions (from mushroom settlements like the Rhondda to hereditary communities like the Euxine district) and the absence of any national organization, the miners' struggle for better wages and conditions was a local one, and it was to be expected that the struggle would be fought on a local level. But there is nothing in this more general picture than Collis's account of the miners' struggle in the Durham area, which Samuel also

was almost done at all—simply a monthly auction of places to "tricksters" who got on with the work by themselves. The "bargain" struck by the North Welsh quarrymen, or the "family berth" of the Cheshire saltworkers had much the same effect. Even in the coal pits, the men could come and go in their own time, choose their own workmates, and in the case of Durham draw lots for their place in the mine. In the South Staffordshire coalfield, which was worked by subcontracting but not the owners' deputy would not appear more than once a week. And in Durham, as Dave Douglass recalls, the men kept the deputies away by refusing to work when they were being watched.

I remember a new manager arriving in the pit and coming down to inspect a team of cunichmen working. Gradually they all stopped work and looked at him; he looked at them, not knowing quite what was the matter. Then one of them said: "Ey, puffer, does thee play chess?" "Well, yes I do," said the gaffer. "Well, thee gain away an' play chess and we'll get on with work."

Work control, and its basis in the organization of the work process itself, is in fact the connecting theme of the three subsequent essays by Brian Didsbury on the Cheshire saltworkers, Mervyn Jones on the slate quarrymen and Douglass on the Durham miners. Jones's portrait of the Welsh slate workers, whose pride was such that they regarded a slate splitter as "like a poet" and competed for their own eldorado chair, is especially brilliant. They regarded the mountain as their own range, felt only scorn for the Anglican management from Penrhyn Castle which did not even comprehend the basic Welsh terminology of their craft, and eventually chose to bring the industry down with them rather than be reduced to mere wage-earners. We glimpse here not merely a remarkable work situation, but a unique social world, torn in conflict.

Douglass's strength is different, and comes above all from his own day-to-day experience of working in the coalfields of modern mining and file trade unionism. He weaves together documentary sources and his own oral traditions in a telling description of the Durham work teams and the dependence of the miner on his "nurses", the "quarry" for places in the mine which were the key to job control and prevented victimization; the devices for controlling and limiting output—which go back at least to the mid-nineteenth century—and the complementary process of daily bargaining. Trade union history is seen and judged from underground as the story of a bureaucracy of county organizers successively choosing to collaborate with management rather than respond to local pit feeling, as witnessed by, for example, the 1870 miners' strike, which was introduced with the eight-hour day in 1910. This really is "grass roots history". And at times, we can almost hear the voices at the coal-face: "Well, bugger me, are we going to strike for this lot? This is a very limited. Even after 1900 nearly all coal was hand-hewn, stone was hand-hammered and dressed, gunflint hand-knapped and flaked, roofing slates split with wedges and hammers and chopped with knives, the clay which lined steel furnaces and gas retorts trod with bare feet. The typical miner and quarryman thus needed special manual skills. But he fitted oddly into the Victorian class structure, closer to the peasant than the workingman, yet not normally organized in unions."

With *The Collier's Rent*, we can gain a longer perspective of the changing tradition to which Douglass belongs. Robert Collis builds around an ingenious analysis of the miners' struggle in the Durham area, which Samuel also

to win the north-coast miners by unbanning his own waistcoat, putting new words to their old tunes, sending out halcyon bands and singers to draw crowds into the chapels and even maintaining elements of the fourgoned style within the chapel walls. One notable preacher, for example, would sum the gallery with his imitation of the lion before Samson, prancing around excitedly tossing his head and rolling his eyes with loud growls. Another appears to have been an Elvis before his time.

Just at the moment he had strung the people up to a certain point of highly excited feeling... he suddenly stepped forward with one foot, inclining his body in the same direction, like a person about to throw himself headlong over a high precipice, and exclaimed: "Oh bless you I love you so much, that I could dash away downward, and take a dip into hell for you." He quickly started back—as if he had just touched the liquid mass... "but, mind ye, I should not like to stop there." The sensation produced was beyond description.

And equally significant, nicely completing the paradox with a volute and being as close to the image from which we started as Methodism would yet allow, is the adoption of the preacher's rhetoric in the denunciation of the blackleg by a leader of the transient national miners' organization of the 1840s.

I will be a swift witness against the sorcerers and against false swearers, and against those that oppress the hireling in his wages, the widow, and the fatherless, and that turn aside the stranger from his right, and fear not me, saith the Lord.

## The age of amelioration

By S. G. Checkland

**OLIVER MACDONAGH**:  
Early Victorian Government 1830-1870.  
256pp. Weidenfeld and Nicolson.  
£6.95. Paperback, £3.75.

How did the great ameliorative revolution in Britain between 1830 and 1870, laying the foundations of the modern state, come about? This is the question to which Oliver MacDonagh addresses himself in *Early Victorian Government*. 1830-1870: his treatment is really at two levels, a consideration of the overall response of society, and (much the larger part) a discussion of the various forms it took. There is discussion of factory and mines acts, the new local government, the new public health and the mechanics and sanctions of public order. These themes are considered as distinctly exemplified in the context of Ireland, and finally there is the central civil service.

The view taken by Marx of these years was that such improvement as occurred under the sponsorship of the state was the outcome of the pressure of the proletariat upon the ruling bourgeoisie: they were forced by activist pressure (plus their own feelings of guilt and fear) to make concessions. But these they characteristically nullified by new exploitative devices like speeding up, aided by the machinery of state.

For MacDonagh the sources of the ameliorative/administrative changes of the early Victorian age lie elsewhere, very largely within the bourgeoisie, with some support from the landed class. Certainly there is the occasional proletarian voice, and the attitudes of the ruling bourgeoisie are not to be taken for granted. But in his sustained, incisive analysis, from these quarters in the years 1830-70, such as materially to affect the outcome. The working class was in confusion, suspicious of state, weary of conditions of work, weary of hours and eligibility in terms of age and sex. Marx was wrong in supposing that the achievement of the ten-hour day was a victory for the working class. It was a victory for the ruling class, a victory for the state, a victory for the bourgeoisie. The general election of 1874, the hour pressure on legislation was really felt.



A proper division of labour in the hierarchy of domestic service: this drawing is reproduced in Frank E. Huggett's *Life Below Stairs* (186pp. John Murray, £4.95), an extensively illustrated survey of the age of house stewards and grooms of the chamber, of "plum" and "professed" cooks, waitresses and "step-girls". There are also a few photographs, as well as one of a broom-and-dustpan parade as late as the 1930s by girls at the Lapswood Domestic Training Centre in South London, who were offered "three months board and lodging, and a good job and uniform at the end of it".

The starting point of MacDonagh's approach must be to locate a source of pressure for change. This is to be found in the humanitarian movement that extraordinary heightening of the sense of what was fit and proper for human existence, as seen in liberal terms. Somehow there had been generated in the middle classes a social conscience that found the abuse of fellow humans, beyond a certain point, intolerable. Whether the threshold of such tolerance was rising is arguable; certainly the condition of life for large parts of the population was sinking, so that the sympathy ratio was moving in a direction favourable to action. The result was twofold. There was a growing reservoir of general and diffused feeling which, upon propitious conditions, could be tapped. There was also generated a set of philanthropic objectives, which, though small in number, were potent, pressing in and out of season for their favourite lines of state action. They are a fascinating lot, both in terms of their own personality and of the vulnerability of the liberal system to their single-minded tactics.

Favourable short-term conditions could be the result of accident: the Factory Act of 1847 owed not a little to the support of protectionists outraged by the success of the Anti-Corn Law campaign the year before, a support which might not have been forthcoming in the necessary strength a year later. Accident and timing could also determine the shape of legislation: the Poor Law of 1834 MacDonagh writes that "the disparate elements, fused together in the sudden heat of the hour, remained inextricable until the year was finally abandoned". Like a chemical combination that cannot be undone, so, too, with certain legislation.

But a basic dynamic facilitated by happy accidents was not enough. Two other notable conditions had to be met. A means had to be found to overcome the blockages of the existing system. The ideology that was indeed forthcoming in the form of the concept of protected persons (children and women). This carried a sufficient emotional charge, together with legislative blueprints, to make it possible to bypass the notion of the worker as a full and free-standing individual. By protecting men indirectly only, one of the great champions of the liberal faith could be kept out of the picture. The liberal faith, it is true, was not easily to be summarized, and not easily to be refuted.

## The analyst of your choice

By Stuart Sutherland

**JOEL KOVEL**:  
A Complete Guide to Therapy  
From Psychoanalysis to Behaviour  
Modification  
304pp. Harrocks: Harvester Press.  
£5.95.

Over the past thirty years perhaps the largest single growth industry in the United States has been psychotherapy. You can have it lying down or sitting up, fully dressed or in the nude, on your own or in the company of a thousand strangers. You can have sex therapy, marital therapy, family therapy, transactional therapy, behaviour therapy, dance therapy, drama therapy, existential therapy, primal therapy, Gestalt therapy or radical therapy. You can be treated by Freudians, Jungians, Adlerians, Homeyans, Reichians, or, if you prefer a home-grown product, by Rogerians. Confronted with such riches, the would-be customer may well feel the choice is baffling; it is all very well sticking a pin in the yellow pages if you want to call a taxi, but it is a frivolous method of deciding who is best suited to guide your faltering footsteps through life. *A Complete Guide to Therapy*, an extensively illustrated survey of the age of house stewards and grooms of the chamber, of "plum" and "professed" cooks, waitresses and "step-girls". There are also a few photographs, as well as one of a broom-and-dustpan parade as late as the 1930s by girls at the Lapswood Domestic Training Centre in South London, who were offered "three months board and lodging, and a good job and uniform at the end of it".

Dr Kovel's descriptions of the theory and practice of the different therapies are accurate, but his enthusiasm appears to have rendered him rather uncritical. He comments, for example, on Reich's orgone accumulator that its use has "slackened off for reasons that have never been clearly articulated". The orgone box was supposed to concentrate bioenergy on anyone lucky enough to be in contact with it. Energy was said to exist in packets called orgones, which according to Reich were blue in colour, oscillated continuously, and had size but no mass. Reich claimed that the orgone box could cure a wide range of ailments, but could also cause cancer. The fact that his claims were fraudulent and that the orgone box was one of the silliest pieces of hocus-pocus ever to be invented by man is surely enough to explain its demise.

Like those therapists who claim to be able to find something good in every patient, Dr Kovel can find

good in every therapy. He writes, "Reich conceived the therapeutic process segmentally (based upon the physiologic insight that we are all descended from earthworms). Thus blockages would be opened up from the forehead down—through the eyes, mouth, throat, neck, shoulders, thorax, diaphragm, belly, pelvis, and genitals, with the diaphragm the key midstage."

"Apart from the fact that Reich's 'physiologic insight' would astound zoologists, one might just as well argue that since we are descended from monkeys, the best hope for the neurotic is to spend his time swinging from tree to tree: indeed it would be about this that the best psychotherapeutic fad since it is no sillier than many of the existing ones."

Even primal therapy is let off with a caution. Its inventor, Arthur Janov, believes that all neurosis is the result of repressed pain caused by the child's discovery that his parents do not really love him. The treatment takes the form of persuading the patient to relive his feelings towards his parents and to scream away his pain. Having commented that "Dr Janov must be in some sort of a bad way", Kovel says that the therapy may be considered applicable to the whole gamut of neurotic problems". Dr Kovel solemnly warns his readers that "it is not likely to be of benefit to people who have problems that require complex judgements about the real world."

He considers each therapy so much on its own terms that he rarely stops to ask whether its assumptions are valid. Perhaps the most firmly established fact about the whole subject is that if the therapist is not a good person, he is likely to produce some amelioration in the patient's condition. It is for this reason that so many new treatments spring into being. Each is hailed as a breakthrough in its own right, and there is a flood of testimonials from satisfied patients, most of whom would have recovered in the course of time with or without the treatment; but as the novelty wears off, the enthusiasm fades and the treatment is found to be decreasingly effective. It should be added that many treatments in physical medicine have had a similar history and for the same reason.

There is in fact only one form of therapy that Dr Kovel is prepared to condemn outright—namely, behaviour therapy, of which he writes:

by emphasising proclivities for being passively manipulated and minimising the realm of fantasy, spontaneity and imagination, it shows contempt for people. And it has to be added that this is the contempt that blends too well with political authoritarianism. And as there is no way within the terms of behaviour therapy to limit such an ultimately fascistic drift, it follows that limits have to be imposed on behaviourism itself—behaviourists have made their science an exercise in elaborating the obvious.

There is of course considerable antipathy between psychoanalysts like Dr Kovel and experimental psychologists like myself. The above passage, however, represents so gross a misconception of the aims and techniques of behaviour therapy that it requires some comment.

It is not true that behaviour therapy is manipulative. As Dr Kovel himself is at pains to point out, most psychotherapies depend on a view of the nature of man and of what man ought to be like. The Gestalt therapist believes that people should be immediately aware of all their feelings and should live in the "here and now"; the psychoanalyst believes that the whole man must be in touch with his buried infantile cravings. In this sense, most forms of psychotherapy tend to be coercive and manipulative. Behaviour therapy, on the other hand, is simply a body of techniques for helping people to change in the way they want to change. The behaviour therapist, who has no need to impose his own value system on the patient, can and should teach the patient to achieve whatever it is the patient himself wishes.

Many other psychotherapists seem unaware of the danger of influencing their own values on the patient regardless of whether they happen to suit him: patients who are seriously distressed are usually in no position to resist the therapist's suggestions. For helping people who are distressed, behaviour therapists who have explicitly recognized this problem: they try to meet it by inquiring from the patient in what way he wishes to change and then drawing up a written contract for helping patients and therapist that defines the goals of therapy and the methods to be used to achieve these goals. In practice, therefore, behaviour therapy tends to be the least manipulative form of therapy, not the most.

It is not clear why Dr Kovel believes that the effort or help

patients by teaching them new habits necessarily involves contempt for people. Behaviour therapy can be regarded as a method of giving the patient more control over himself; it therefore attempts to increase his freedom of choice. Nor is it true that it concentrates exclusively on behaviour; it is in fact becoming increasingly cognitively orientated and it attempts to help the patient to control his thought processes and feelings as well as his behaviour.

Dr Kovel appears to be condemning behaviour therapy because it works: since it is a technique for changing people, so the argument seems to run, it could be applied to keep people in line in a fascist state. It is of course true that any advance in technology can be used for good or ill, but in the case of behaviour therapy there is not much to fear. It is difficult enough to help people change in the direction they themselves want to go; there is no known method of changing anyone against his will. Finally, to the charge that behaviour therapy relies on common sense, one can only repeat Adler's retort when he was reproached for only talking common sense: "I wish more psychiatrists did."

In the opening and concluding chapters of the book, Dr Kovel puts forward his own views on the nature of neurosis and its treatment. There is little danger that anyone will charge him with only talking common sense. He accepts without argument the Freudian view that neurosis arises from the repression of sexual wishes in early childhood.

Human infants are creatures of the utmost helplessness and at the same time limitless desire. The little child's need is so great for in excess of what is biologically required for survival—that real gratifications must often be felt as frustrations. And despite the fact that his power is so inconsequential that he can engage in murderous or incestuous thoughts without worrying about the actual effects of his wishes, the child freely confuses intentions with actual deeds. These wishes are furthermore no mere isolated ideas, but sensations of a bodily nature, encounter an aroused body. There is probably an autoerotic component to every significant infantile wish. Without bulimia control the body is at first a playground over which desire can flicker free. Can the little girl escape the fear that her genitals will be torn apart by the father she wants, or the little boy that his

will be swallowed up in the mother?

Here, as elsewhere throughout the book, Dr Kovel attempts to persuade by assertion and rhetoric rather than by argument and evidence. How can real gratifications be felt as frustrations? Why should all infants wish to be "autoerotic" or, in that just jargon for "selfish"? Have young children really mastered such complex concepts as those of murder and incest? How would an infant girl acquire the knowledge needed to fear that her father will tear her genitals apart? If neurosis has its origins in early childhood, why is it that childhood neurosis correlates little if at all with adult neurosis?

Dr Kovel's penchant for contradictory reflects a familiar psychotherapeutic style where love is hate, self-destruction manifests itself in pleasure-seeking, aggressive heterosexuality disguises latent homosexuality, decency is a mask for weakness, the breast stands for the penis and the mother for the father. He may be right when he asserts that neurosis stems from "inner contraries" and can be overcome only by mastering contradictions but, unfortunately for his readers, he carries this therapeutic style into his writing. All therapy is ideological and no therapy is ideological, "the neurotic is both turned away from reality and greatly inclined to submit to it", and so on.

If one has the patience to grope one's way through the clouds of verbosity, it is possible to discern some sense in this curious book. Dr Kovel appears to subscribe to the following unexceptionable propositions. The therapist's personality is more important than the kind of therapy he practises; psychotherapy is just as likely to harm ("mean, enslave and drive a person crazy") as to help; therapists should concern themselves with the practical problems of the patient's life, as well as with the deeper recesses of his psyche; it is no use undertaking analysis on an empty stomach; highly emotional forms of therapy, such as Gestalt therapy, are in danger of undermining the intellectual side of man; encounter groups may tyrannize deviant members; anyone in need of a therapist should seek one who has the same value system as himself.

For the rest, this book will be enjoyed by anyone who likes occasional but obscure pronouncements, mixed metaphors, windy generalities, a tortuous style, and a contempt for objective evidence.

## The essential It

By Rosemary Dinnage

**GEORGE GRODDECK**:  
The Meaning of Illness  
270pp. Hogarth Press. £7.50.

"Certainly the unconscious is the proper mediator between the somatic and the mental, perhaps the long-sought 'missing link'. Yet because we have seen this at last, should we no longer see anything else?" If he had achieved nothing else, George Groddeck would be memorable for thus having provoked Freud into a protest against the use of the unconscious to explain everything. Such an approach "disregards all the beautiful differences in nature" from "the inanimate to the organic and living, from the physical life to the spiritual". The criticism comes in Freud's first letter to the younger man, in reply to Groddeck's laudatory letter in which he introduces himself as a practitioner of psychoanalysis, and in physical medicine have led him to find psychic causes for all organic illness. Is he an honorary psychoanalyst or not, he asks Freud; and quotes some of his case histories to the master—the kind which combine sex, religion, and innocence in equal proportions.

The correspondence with Freud which opens this selection of Groddeck's papers traces the friendly but relatively detached relationship which grew up between Groddeck and the "father of psychoanalysis" (as he called himself) and Freud. Groddeck published in the psychoanalytic

journals of the 1920s, but his life's work continued to be his private clinic in the spa town of Baden Baden, where he treated his patients by a curious mixture of medicine, massage, and psychoanalysis. Having reached his belief in an unconscious life-force via the treatment of physical rather than psychiatric cases, he was always more interested in the bodily symbol than those of dream or fantasy, and in the selection of the papers represents this bias and supports his reputation as the founder of psychosomatic medicine. He had no difficulty, however, in joining in the solemn enthusiasms of early psychoanalysis ("Snow White is the symbol of the female genitals... The cut in the finger is... castration... Looking in the mirror is a symbol of masturbation... Snow White is sent to the wood—the public bath").

Groddeck's work had led him to make pronouncements about psychosomatic links ranging from the probable—"somebody's way of walking, posture, movements, and the shape of a hand often betray our conditioning by unconscious forces"—to the possible—"when a person has had breast his unconscious does not want to be lashed, and when he coughs, it wants something not so happen, and when he yawns, it wants to get rid of something burdensome"—to the difficult—"the passage of the child's head through the vagina is more pleasurable than any other erotic sensation". He remains interesting for more than his work in psychosomatics: like Reich, the enticed ideas which are now fashionable in psychoanalysis, he was aware of the importance of verbal experience, the value of non-verbal therapy (especially massage), the need to go back to earliest childhood for a cure. He was like Reich, too, in holding left-wing political views, and his work involves the workers' education and the organization of a cooperative. When the full history—already so well sketched out by L. L. Whyte in *The Unconscious Before Freud*—comes to be written of the great flowering at the turn of the century of the concept of unconscious mentality, Groddeck will take his place with the many others, from Nietzsche to Jung to William James, whose ideas predated or ran parallel with Freud's.

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JOHN MURRAY



# TLS Commentary

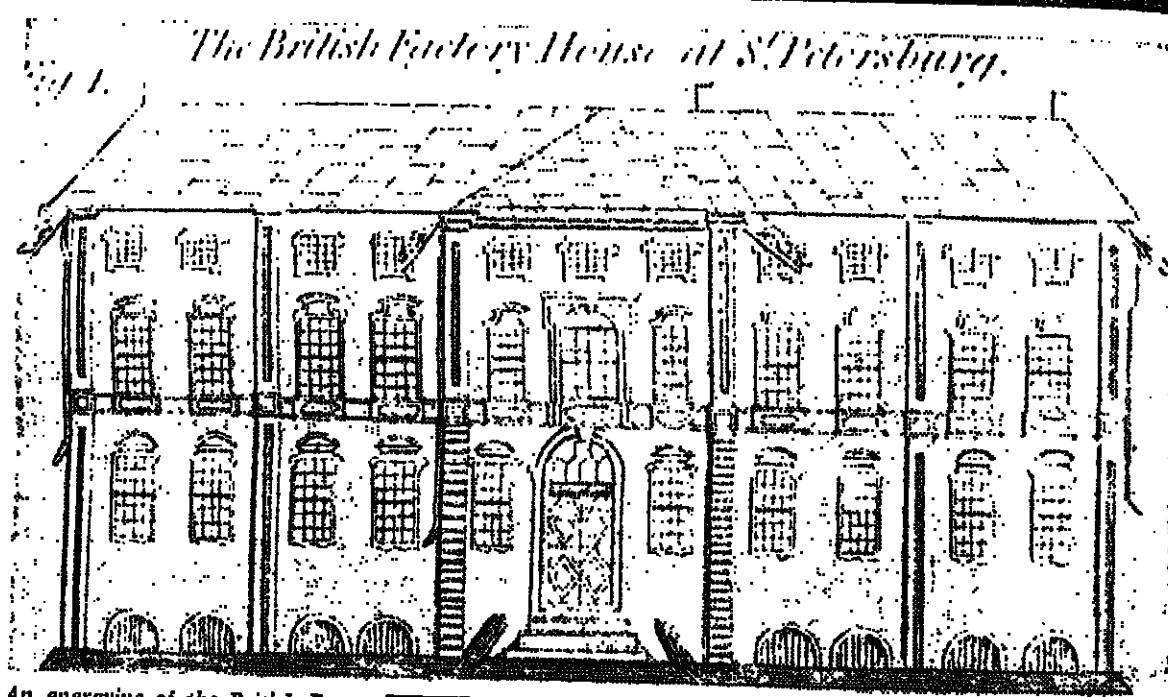
## Impressions of the East

Palm leaves, inscribed with the inscription and hence the earliest rubbing known. In the West, papyrus gave way, after a struggle, to parchment with its greater durability, especially in damp climates, but the distinct drawback that one of its faces will not hold coloured inks adequately. The long march of paper in the Far East is documented by second-century fragments, near to the legendary date of its invention. Only in 751 did Chinese captives (voluntarily or under torment, according to different versions of the legend) yield to the Muslims of Samarkand the secret of paper-making. What the Arabs did with it is shown by a sumptuous Koran, each leaf a different colour. Through Spain and into Europe it spread with a languor believers in the supremacy of Western technology must find embarrassing.

There are trade union documents on brass in Telugu; a bark book of magic formulae in Batak; a bright script of Sumatra; a bright saffron parchment in Coptic (for very special occasions pages were dyed purple); and an eighteenth-century Burmese manuscript of stunning vulgarity, the text laid in mother-of-pearl on black lacquered stiff cloth. Nearly every case is a superb example of the use of the materials: some of the earliest pieces of block-printing known, holy texts run off by the myriad by a devout Japanese empress in 762; a Chinese Diamond Sutra of 868, the earliest dated printed book; the deluxe productions of the Song, which flourished in 1608; illuminations of divinely improper behaviour from Orissa.

Long-lasting and unexpected is the influence of form: palm leaves were pierced with holes for the strings to pass through, around which the scribe had to be careful to skirt; these, outlived their function by centuries, in books bound after the Western fashion, first as two purposeless holes, then as a pair of red pigment spots, and finally as two large circular decorative motifs on either edge of each page.

For special purposes other materials were used: firecracked bones for the future to the ancient Chinese, and the interpretation was written alongside; silk displayed its wealth; animal skins, taboo in India, were chosen for the Jews. Stone inscriptions for the permanence, are wittily illustrated here by a rubbing of a Chinese eulogy to a monastic master, roughly



An engraving of the British Factory House, located on the left bank of the Neva in St. Petersburg, by an unknown artist, first published in The Gentleman's Magazine in 1796. The building was owned by the Russian Company, an association of British merchants, and was the headquarters of the British Consulate in St. Petersburg. The illustration is taken from the catalogue of an exhibition, Anglo-Russian Relations in the Eighteenth Century, at the Library of Congress, University of East Anglia, Norwich, until July 29. The exhibition is devoted to the personalia of Thomas Dineley, who was invited to St. Petersburg to inoculate Catherine the Great; he managed this successfully and was paid a considerable sum, granted a pension and created Baron, Aide-de-Camp, and Counsellor of State with the rank of Major General.

## The manuscript mountain

A practical guide to authorship by an author who can't even get his own books published is either the most shameless or, to be kind, the most paradoxical book of the year. It is the work, published naturally enough by himself, of a Frenchman, Jean Guénou, who fairly revels in non-publication, boasting that if his rejected manuscripts are piled one on top of the other on the floor, they come to just the same height as his sixteen-year-old daughter. That the fruit of M Guénou's labours should be so exactly commensurate with the hoarded fruits of his brain is a little suspicious. Can he have written so much, and gone on churning it out even when it became obvious it wasn't wanted? Is the daughter a prodigy, a flake, the now-nubile personification of a heap of manuscripts threatened with a lifetime on the shelf? The doubt is one M Guénou himself helps along by his admission that his career as an unpublished author began just sixteen years and nine months ago.

He is, you can see, a man ingenious in self-advertisement and, unlike the majority of the unpublished—whom it is a great relief not to have to read—a man of wit. Why the failure, then? Well the truth is he is not quite the failure himself might make one think. He is only half an unpublished author: under his own name he has published several works in the field of applied linguistics. It is only his pseudonym, Albert Sigusse, who writes far rarer stuff, including detective stories, who gets the thumbs down every time, he mails off a manuscript: each one of

## Fifty years on...

In the TLS of July 14, 1927 in a short article headed "The Balzac Skeleton" Francis Gribble wrote about a newly discovered fact of Balzac's life:

In a couple of articles published in the two June numbers of *La Revue Universelle*, M. Paul Ballaguy brings out and exposes to view the skeleton in the cupboard of the Balzac family. The title which he gives his story is "Une révélation de Balzac". Possibly—but that is very doubtful—it is a story of a miscarriage of justice. It is, in any case, a terrible and sordid story, not to be found in any of the lives of Balzac, and hushed up so successfully by the novelist, father and other relatives that even the best informed Balzacian students have hitherto known nothing about it.

The original hushing up and the subsequent mystery were made possible by a change in the spelling of the name of the family. The Balzac had been originally called Balssa. The name was changed to Balzac by Louis Balssa, who was the youngest of eleven children of whom Bernard-François was the eldest. Baptised on February 18, 1766, Louis Balssa was twenty years younger than his great man's father; and this difference in their ages made the two brothers practically strangers to each other, for when Louis was born, Bernard-François had left the neighbourhood never to

return to it. Who then was likely to suspect any connection between M. François de Balzac and a certain Bernard-François Balssa, a highly placed functionary of the Empire and the Restoration, and the peasant Louis Balssa, accused of a sordid crime? Not only was no one likely to suspect it; no one did suspect it until 1923, when M. Louis Lounet made a reference to it in *la Revue de Paris*. M. Lounet, however, died before he had time to follow the matter up; and M. Ballaguy is the first writer to deal with it completely after an exhaustive study of the records of the tribunal which tried the case.

The victim of the crime was a servant maid, notoriously of loose character, whose dead body was discovered in a wood. The allegation was that Louis Balssa had killed her because she had tried to blackmail him by attributing to him the paternity of a child to which she was expecting. The case was not such as would have suited a British jury of the eighteenth century. It indeed was precisely evidence such as a British judge would rule out as inadmissible. On the other hand, Balssa wrote and signed, while in prison, a statement which, though not quite a confession, does not raise like the statement of an innocent man; and M. Ballaguy inclines to the belief that if he was not actually the murderer, he was at least an accomplice in the murder. He adds, on the authority of M. Hippolyte Balssa, the sole survivor of that branch of the family, that the novelist was on good terms with Louis Balssa's son and invited him to visit him in Paris. It is a singular addition to Balzacian history which is thus made in this year of the centenary of the Romantic Movement.

## Visible imports

Initial procedure on diplomatic occasions such as "American at Home in Britain", at the American Embassy in Grosvenor Square (until July 26), is to check out the guest list: Albert, André, Ayery, Bartlett, Diebenkorn, Dine, Flavin, François, Frankenthaler, Lindner, Louis, Noland, Oldenburg, Olitski, Pollock, Pons and so on down through fifty-seven names, ending with Wyeth (Andrew) and Zapkus (Kes).

By mounting this (jubilee) exhibition of American art belonging to its members, the Contemporary Art Society hopes to attract new subscribers and thus promote the CAS cause of buying works and presenting them to the public. The exhibition, which has been doing this since 1922, has been doing this with remarkable consistency. The private purchases of members for private purposes are, however, a mixture of the bizarre and the paltry. If the Embassy display is anything to go on, the picture is hardly expected to be consistent. In the quality of works bought by all sorts of people, over twenty-five years, for motives ranging from whim to investment to higher passion. But only one painting stands out as a formidable presence in the midst of flummery. This is Morris Louis' "Bronze" which usually hangs in a lofty house somewhere in London (ownerships and addresses have to be kept secret for fear of theft). The majority of the exhibition border on the nondescript; together they represent an art market rather than American art properly

# TLS Children's books

## The shortest stories in the world

By P. L. Travers

If you reply to a child's request for a story with the old jingle I'll tell you a story Of Jack o' Manory, And now my story's begun, I'll tell you another Of Jack, and his brother And now my story is done, that child will, very naturally, feel defrauded. After all, he had been expecting heroes, villains and princesses; witches galore and wolves and ogres; even, perhaps a rabbit who lost both shoes and a blue jacket in escaping from Mr Muggogor's garden. And now he has been fobbed off with a crisp negative, a mere six-legged rhyme. If he doesn't decide, there and then, never to speak to you again, you can count yourself lucky.

On the other hand, you respond with "Yes, I will tell you the shortest story in the world" and then declaim "Jack o' Manory" he may very possibly be enchanted. He will see the fun and wit of it and enjoy the way it finishes by, like a shooting star, in the night. The long train of witches and heroes can wait while the sudden moment is savoured. He has, in effect, had his story.

When I was young I had a great-aunt who could make those sudden moments of the nursery rhymes even more dramatic. From my point of view, she improved upon them:

—pounce for effect—  
Saying "What a thoroughly careless and forgetful little girl!" The expected "Wagging her tails behind them" seemed to me altogether too dull and sheepish compared with the devastating denouement.

Or Augustus was a chubby lad Fat ruddy cheeks Augustus had And everybody saw with joy —pounce again—  
The disgustingly over-fed unhealthy-looking child! Away with "The happy, hearty, healthy boy!" I preferred the quick explosion of laughter that interpolated line. Moreover, I was enjoying the experience with somebody else and a grown-up to boot, a grown-up who either liked children or accurately remembered her own childhood. I never quite knew which. And now I come to think of it, the nursery rhymes, improved upon or not, are always communitarian between grown-up and child for they belong to the earliest years before the alphabet has appeared,

when old and young are young together—or old, whichever ever you like. The generations cannot help meeting in them since the material of the Shortest Stories comes out of antiquity and tradition and is handed on from grandmother to grandchild. The lessons they propound—and there are lessons if you look for them—go back to the drying of the flood. They carry in their minuscule pockets the origins of all the novels and dramas in literature.

Tuke, for instance, this affecting tale: Solomon Grundy Born on a Monday, Christened on Tuesday, Married on Wednesday, Took ill on Thursday, Worse on Friday, Died on Saturday, Buried on Sunday, And that was the end Of Solomon Grundy.

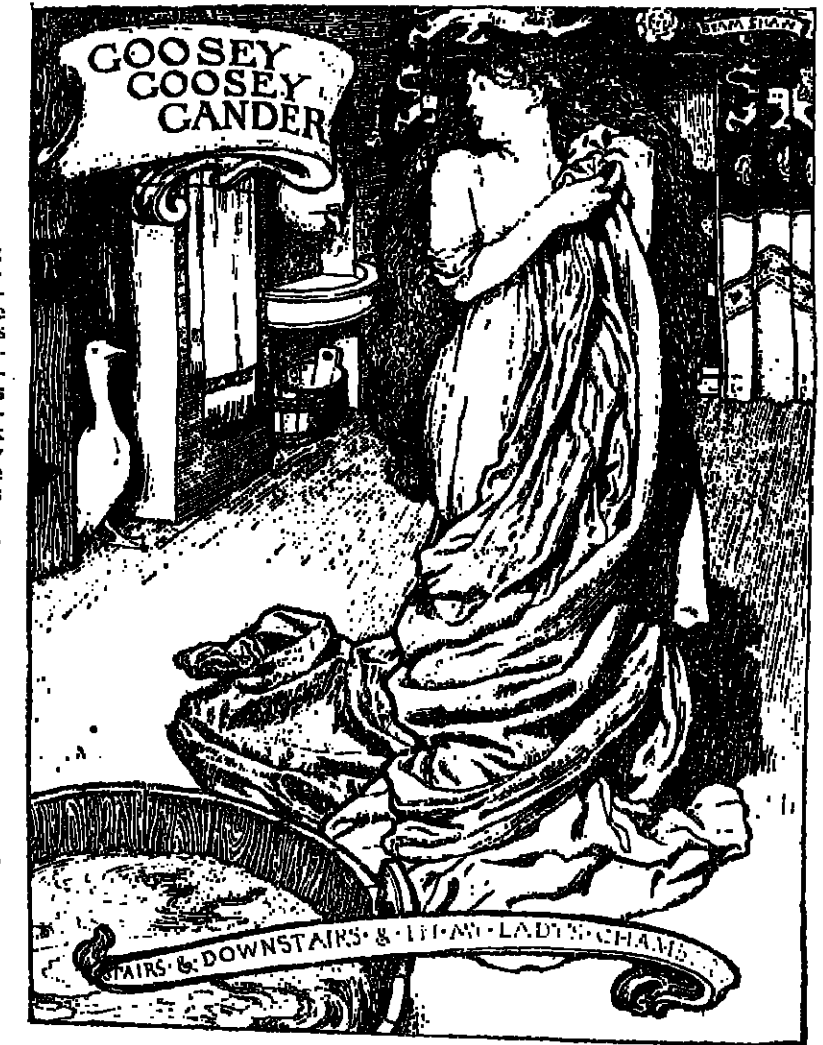
Isn't it a newspaper in little, a scenario for a Dickens novel? Could Tolstoy have done better? Did Shakespeare know of it when he wrote on the seven ages of man?

Or think of Coosey, Coosey Gander Whither shall I wander? Upstairs and down stairs, In my lady's chamber. There I met an old man Who wouldn't say his prayers— I took him by the left leg And threw him down the stairs.

What a sense of—and doubtless founded upon—scandal! Of course, the old man would not say his prayers—it was not the proper place, in my lady's chamber. And what was he doing in my lady's chamber anyway? No wonder Coosey Gander, careful mother—or chaparrone, perhaps—incontinently got rid of him.

Think of that celebrated lullaby to which so many millions of infants have been—indeed, are being at this very moment—lulled into happy sleep: Rock-a-bye, baby, on the tree top, When the wind blows, the cradle will rock, When the bough breaks, the cradle will fall, Down will come baby, cradle and all.

If one takes these words at their face value, they sound like a mournful little dirge for the nursing's life—wind and branches being what killed by the arrow of his brother, the Sparrow. "Orange and Lemons" after enumerating so euphoniously the words spoken by the church bells of London, ends with



An illustration from Old King Cole's Book of Nursery Rhymes, 1901; this copy inscribed by the artist, drawn [sic] by Byron Shaw. It is one of the many illustrations to one and Peter Opie's new book *Three Centuries of Nursery Rhymes and Poetry for Children* (1969, Oxford University Press, £15). The Opies refer to Byron Shaw's work—here with a strong suggestion of Leda and the Swan—as "unashamedly adult".

forests shatter. Mother will save you, child, as deep! And, even so, on another level—and one cannot avoid levels in nursery rhymes, fairy-tales or myth—the song is speaking of the dangers, accidents and difficulties that beset the human creature from the very outset of its life till the moment of its death. Over and over again the nursery rhymes assure us that nothing is easy. If it is, it is merely a matter of luck. Little Tommy Tucker has to sing for his supper. He does not get it for nothing (after all, we ask for the gift of daily bread, not a whole week's rations). Cock Robin ("All the birds of the air/Fell a-sighing and a-cobbling/when they heard the bell toll for poor Cock Robin") was killed by the arrow of his brother, the Sparrow. "Orange and Lemons" after enumerating so euphoniously the words spoken by the church bells of London, ends with

Here comes a candle to light you to bed, And here comes a chopper to chop off your head. And "Lord Rendal", with his wonderful elegiac refrain that, in spite of its sombreness, children love, dies because his sweetheart has given him a broth of poisonous weeds.

What colour were they, Rendal, my son, What colour were they, my pretty one? They were spickit and sparkit, mother, Make my bed soon, for I'm sick to my heart O spickit and sparkit, mother! Make my bed soon, for I'm sick to my heart

And I fain would lie down. Poor Rendal! Wicked sweetheart! Impalpable nursery rhyme!

Even the ladybird (originally Bird of the Virgin Mary and in America ladybug) smallest of crea-

tures, does not get off lightly. Sometimes, too, called God's Little Cow, she eats the aphids that make the leaves of the rose curl up and, as a reward for this, it has from antiquity been the custom for gardeners to set her on a finger and warn her—  
Ladybird, ladybird, fly away home, Your house is on fire and your children are gone. All except one and her name Ann And she is under the frying pan.

Mannhardt, the German folklorist, asserted that the rhyme goes back to mythological times and that it was, in fact, a charm intended to speed the sun across the dangers of sunset, in effect to save the sun from burning up in its own glow. The sunset is the "house on fire" and the ladybird is sent to save it. In this regard it is still customary in the East to utter a prayer to the setting sun in order to ensure its safe return. Who has not felt in childhood the anxiety of the sun's going? "But how do you know it will come back?" I used to ask my parents. "It always does", they replied, solemnly. And, since parents are a child's first gods, I had to content myself with their dictum, but, frankly, as an article of belief, and not as something securely known.

And what about the rhyme of "London Bridge"? All through that story runs the uneasy fear that no matter what one builds it of it will still be falling down. Bricks and mortar will not stay. Iron and steel will bend and bow, silver and gold will be stolen away. And why? Because we have forgotten what our mythological fathers knew about the Devil, who is said to have no love for bridges. His business is with separation and bridges join things together; they lead from one shore to another and, indeed, from earth to heaven. Break them and men will fall into Hell, or at least be drowned in the river. There are even folk-lore legends for the belief that in ancient times bridges had human corpses—particularly corpses of children—built into them to ensure their safety. There is a tradition in the City of London that even the latest of London bridges has been sprinkled with human blood. But if the rhyme poses the problem, it also, luckily, solves it. A child can feel safe in his bed if he sings it to the last verse:

Set a man to watch all night, Dances over, me lady Lolph, Set a man to watch all night, My fair lady.

This idea of the Watchman is common to all traditions. Only the one who stays awake can save a bridge or a falling world.

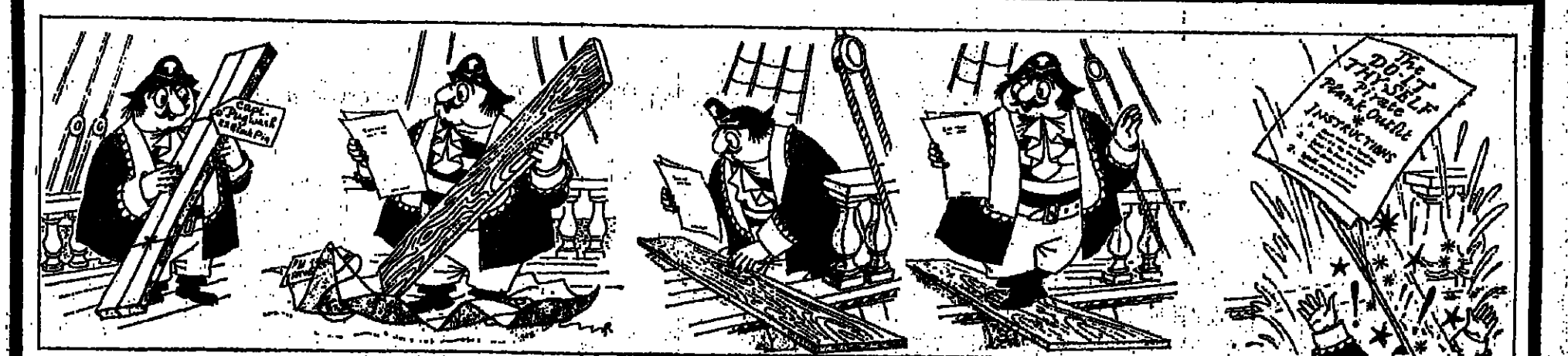
So, you see, the nursery rhymes are not all gulleus simplicities. Some of them carry a weight of meaning that comes from man's earliest times. "Tara, Meena, Myna, Mo" which is now used in various versions for deciding who is going to be it in a game, is

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ANDRE DEUTSCH

## Occupational terrors

JUNE OLDMAN:  
Wraggle Taggle War  
Illustrated by Sally Holmes  
Abelard-Schuman, £3.25,  
(200 72514 9)

GABRIEL ALINGTON:  
Willow's Luck  
Heinemann, £2.90 (134 2670 1)

JOHANNA REISS:  
The Journey Back  
Illustrated by Fernin Rucker  
Oxford University Press, £2.95,  
(19 271403 1)

The Second World War is now sufficiently at a distance for us to have begun to learn the date of the Nazi-Soviet Pact as if it were the date of the Battle of Marston. But "historical" novels set at the time are almost certain to have been written not from library research but from personal memories. At best, this authenticity and commitment gives flavour and conviction. At worst, the weight of memory and the desire not to distort it can flow.

June Oldman is an interesting new writer who seems to have spent the war years in a Lincolnshire village much like the one in *Wraggle Taggle War*. Her story is told in the first person by Judd, one of the village boys who watches at the beginning of the book the arrival of a group of evacuees. "It was almost dark, the night they came. Early in September, a few weeks before potato picking, as we stood around the only bus stop, waiting." A good beginning and, indeed, June Oldman writes well. She has a feeling for language, for the words themselves and the shape of her sentences.

The picture of life in rural wartime England is, in a sense, very convincing. What is less convincing is that the story is supposed to be written by a boy whose contribution to his gang's activities is always on the practical side. Or that Judd redounds so little to the credit of the gang while, in fact, an account of toady and weakness and embarrassment. Judd writes "I had never been so humiliated." There are ordinary explanations of all the sinister and menacing evidence, and any reader who is not able to cope with the lavish, complex telling of the tale will realize very early on that there is no mystery, that the boys are conning themselves into believing what they want to believe. That Madge, the small evacuee, and Miss Fawkes, her landlady, are German spies. The idea is preposterous, and this makes the account of the boys' own chafing and being chased for less exciting than it should be.

This is a pity, because with a better basic idea and plot June Oldman could have written as good a book as Robert Westall's *Machine*.

Grunners, with which *Wraggle Taggle War* will inevitably be compared. But in that there really was a crashed Heinkel, and here there is nothing but a silly fabrication. Of course children can be that silly. But surely did not label as spies just such harmless people as this German Jewish child and her violin playing foster-mother. But the point is that the reader knows right from the beginning that there is nothing in it, and this takes away a great deal of the suspense and pleasure of the book.

There is a brief, moving scene in *Wraggle Taggle War* where Judd sees Madge, a German prisoner of war. "I knew that for those moments she was the daughter he had surely left behind him in Germany and that for her he was the tender comforting father who was there, too." There is something of the same relationship at the heart of *Willow's Luck* by Gabriel Alington another new writer. The plot is better but the writing is much less good. The book is full of stereotypes—gipsy child, bachelor great-uncle, spinster housekeeper—and although there

are moments when the girl, Willow, and the German airman, Von, come to life, for the most part this is a rather superficial story.

*The Journey Back* is a sequel by Johanna Reiss to her much-praised *The Upstairs Room*. The year is never. The girls who hid for "so many hours in one day, so many days" are able to come out into the open. For two years and seven months Annie and her sister Sini had not been able to shout or jump or run or dance. And now it is time to return to Winterswijk and start living normally again, to tell to know their sister, Rachel, and to accept the place. The circumstances are less dramatic than in *The Upstairs Room*, but the telling, again in short sentences, brief paragraphs, is so sympathetic but very easy to read, is a variant on the theme of the new boy at school being bullied by the class nasties, and the other coming an old woman who refuses to leave the house in which she has lived for seventy-six years when it is due for demolition. This latter is obviously the more interesting idea for it touches on serious and relevant issues, but unfortunately it is the less well-handled of the two. Mrs Grice is too much of a caricature for the reader to feel a great deal of sympathy, and her death, which occurs on the day she is to be moved out by council officials, is unconvincing.

The author story, however, which revolves round the theft of a painting, and the bullies' attempts to fix the blame on the hero's elder brother, is handled with skill, and considerable tension is conveyed. In the last third of the book, however, when the emphasis shifts on to Mrs Grice's problems, the pace slackens; too many disparate elements are brought together, and a number of loose ends are left unsatisfactorily untied.

*The Boy Who Knew Too Much* by Rodolfo Jeffries is a standard cop-and-robbers tale to which the child-rear and abet the police in these post-Blyton days they aren't allowed to outwit authority—and the complex plot is unfolded neatly so that a mounting crescendo of fear and tension keeps the reader turning the pages. The text is marred by some atrocious English which any editor should surely quash: "a pile of varying naps" for instance. People in the book never laugh; they always "chuckle", and almost everyone, except the children, is referred to by surname alone, a convention that

This fragment of autobiography is a parable of proletarian sheep and bourgeois goats. It will edify those who are determined to be saved.

Igor Vinogradoff

## Boy baiting

KORNEI CHUKOVSKY:  
The Silver Crest  
A Russian Boyhood  
Translated by Beatrice Stillman  
Oxford University Press, £2.95,  
(19 271399 X)

It was the Minister of Public Instruction who started the trouble with his notorious circular of June 18, 1887: gymnasia (ie secondary schools) are dispensed from receiving the children of conchmen, lacquers, cooks, washerwomen and small tradespeople... who ought by no means to be transferred from the sphere to which they belong...

Kornei Chukovsky was the son of a washerwoman—who took pathetic pains to conceal her calling. He had been admitted to the Fifth Odessa Gymnasium in defiance of the circular and was expelled from the fifth class ostensibly "for lack of progress in his studies and for pernicious influence on the other students". He himself had no real cause. The fact was that the Minister's words had caused such a storm in liberal circles that it was unusual to quote them circumspectly. Chukovsky's story excuses were prudently found for expulsions and relatively few proletarian children were in practice shut out on ground of birth. The gymnasia continued on the path which they had started in the sixties with ever-increasing numbers of pupils—over 60,000 at the turn of the century. They were

shunned by the upper class and largely recruited from the middle classes, as to about two thirds, and the lower strata of the population, about one third.

Chukovsky was, in short, an exception in being thus victimized and this naturally made the unlucky boy's feelings all the more bitter when he had the clerical silver crest torn off his school-cap and was told by a caddish inspector to go and join his comrades in the street. He never forgot or forgave, though he lived to be eighty-seven and had a successful career as radical journalist before the revolution and as translator, writer of children's books and literary editor after 1917—a holder of the Order of Lenin and honorary D.Litt. of the University of Oxford. He wrote these reminiscences when he was over eighty and his anger is as strong as when it was generated.

You will search in vain for human beings among his wicked bourgeois characters; they are wicked masters, priests, policemen or female employers; they are all odious, treacherous, and corrupt, to the point of improbability. The good characters are by contrast improbably good—from Chukovsky's heroine of a mother to the thief who receives near canonization as an underworld saint.

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Igor Vinogradoff

## Child of the sun

SCOTT O'DELL:  
Zia  
Oxford University Press, £2.95,  
(19 271402 3)

Zia Sandoval is a child of two cultures in nineteenth-century California—mother Indian, father Spanish. Much and Zia, her Indian gods, live on in her imagination with the same intensity as the protectors whom she has been not so much converted as amicably introduced to by the Spanish missionaries at Santa Barbara where, for the time being, she lives. Yankee whippersnappers come in to buy things from the mission; and a Spanish garrison (a fourth, inimical to both now softened fact, Zia says) has now softened fact, Zia says, he Worlds and ideas overlap. Fr Merced is a stern Christian who keeps the mission under good Spanish discipline. Fr Vicente, a Spanish garrison, suggests the when he finds himself in charge, plined elsewhere. Zia says, he cause the only relative the know of her mother's sister Karana, lives on an island far from the coast. First Zia tries to get there in a boat of her own, but is repulsed by the knife a captured cap for Fr Vicente. She goes off for her place.

There is more action than that: the plot is thick and busy. But the writing looks simple: short sentences, many repetitions, the mission fathers, one is sometimes a little baffled by Indian ideas; like Zia, at times confused by theirs. Spanish certainties weigh lightly on Indian inexpressiveness; Zia accepts most things, and this magnificent Pacific shimmers, the bronzed crush, with little description, one sees and feels her surroundings, the omnivorous beauty of nature: in those parts. Zia is not quite a sequel but an independent offshoot of *The Island of the Dolphins*, which won the Newbery Medal seventeen years ago. Its main skill and originality lies in using, as American teenage novels often do, the haphazardness of life, apparently random, moments picked from a rich choice, a mixture of cultures, oddities of life-style. Nothing runs true to form—in other words, the story is not really a story, it is a collection of bits. Good and bad the knife a captured cap for Fr Vicente. She goes off for her place.

In *Faraway World* (Deutsch, £2.95, 233 96866 0) W. Towrie Cutt records his pre-First World War childhood in the Orkney Islands and, indeed, to describe that childhood as faraway is an understatement. It is true that the Orkneys are just off the Scottish mainland and true also, that "pre-First World War" hardly designates a remote age. Yet neither label begins to do distant enough for that primitive crofting-fishing economy. Mr Cutt records and the chief value of his account is historical. His writing is fairly prosaic and in some places becomes simply lists of things, the books that he read, for example, or the hymns that he sang. What comes across most strongly is the sense of an old life, a life that is long ago, and modestly obscure. The story is not really a story, it is a collection of bits. Good and bad the knife a captured cap for Fr Vicente. She goes off for her place.

Isabel Quigly

## Brain against brawn

ALAN SPOONER:  
The Singers of the Field  
Illustrated by Peter Rush  
Kestrel, £2.95 (7226 5301 8)

ROBERT JEFFRIES:  
The Boy Who Knew Too Much  
Hodder and Stoughton, £2.60,  
(340 20712 4)

GARY PAULSEN:  
Winterkill  
Abelard-Schuman, £3.50,  
(200 72520 3)

*The Singers of the Field* is Alan Spooner's first novel and is easily the best of these three adventure stories, for it conveys, unlike the others, a proper sense of time and place and is written in good English. It has two linked plots, one a variant on the theme of the new boy at school being bullied by the class nasties, and the other coming an old woman who refuses to leave the house in which she has lived for seventy-six years when it is due for demolition. This latter is obviously the more interesting idea for it touches on serious and relevant issues, but unfortunately it is the less well-handled of the two. Mrs Grice is too much of a caricature for the reader to feel a great deal of sympathy, and her death, which occurs on the day she is to be moved out by council officials, is unconvincing.

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Igor Vinogradoff

## Old-fashioned humbug

HUGH GREENE (Editor):  
The Pirate of the Round Pond and other strange Adventure Stories  
Bodley Head, £3.75 (370 30013 0)

The stories in this unusual anthology have the common theme of "extraordinary things happening to ordinary people in quite ordinary surroundings". Many are set on trains or liners—wonderful examples of the ordered world of Edwardian England. The authors include Graham Greene, Conan Doyle, H. G. Wells, and John Buchan, and the stories are set in the years before 1914, the inter-war years, or in the first years of the Second World War.

There are some dashed good chaps amongst the heroes—patriotic true-blue types lobbing cricket balls into the clouds to defeat the Austers, taking pot shots at invading Germans, and also some less gentlemanly fellows sinking toy boats, playing practical jokes, and running off with the office takings.

The style and sentiment of many of the tales have a dated ring and there is more than a touch of "a redneck the du temps perdu" which will strike an immediate response from adults but which will leave many children stone cold.

There are few parallels with present day living, except in "The Portmanteau" by Richard Marsh—a British precursor to the current activities of the IRA, to which Hugh Greene, the compiler, has given a slightly different ending from the original. This is not to say they do not make enjoyable reading—few are well known, and most are good examples of the author's craft, and exciting to boot.

Brian Baumfield

in real life hardly exists these days.

Gary Paulsen in *Winterkill* never quite makes up his mind whether he is writing caricature or something realistic which gives the book an unsatisfactory ambiguity. The story, told in the first person, concerns the friendship that grows between a semi-delinquent thirteen-year-old and a policeman whose exterior is tough and cynical, but who has, underneath (you've guessed it), a very soft and melting centre. Duda becomes the boy's substitute father and gives him love and protection. However, on one occasion, instead of arresting two teenage bank-robbers who come out of their getaway way, unarmed and with their hands above their heads, he blows their brains out.

Not very edifying for the boy, or the reader; and if it is meant to be some comment on the complexities of life and character, it is not a comment that is very convincing. The book is written in the standard Sallingerese that mars many American children's books, a style that assumes that almost all teenagers are semi-neurotic and chick and talk like Holden Caulfield in *The Catcher in the Rye*. Were poor Holden a real person, and not a character in a book, he

## Future tense

JOHN ROWE TOWNSEND:  
The Xanadu Manuscript  
Illustrated by Paul Ritchie  
Oxford University Press, £2.95,  
(19 271406 6)

HUGH WALTERS:  
The Caves of Drach  
Faber, £2.95, (571 11037 1)

A novel ending titled *The Xanadu Manuscript* wakes expectations of lush fantastic landscapes and stately metropolises. Disappointment is inevitable when the setting of John Rowe Townsend's new novel turns out to be guide-book Cambridge and the Xanadu element to be merely a device for telling a tall story.

Here is a writer of imagination and power whose main strength resides in his handling of people. In trying to combine the subtle effects and ideas of science fiction with the complex psychology of real life, his book has become curiously directionless.

The idea is a tantalising one: three strange people appear in

the story from which the title of the collection is taken. "The Pirate of the Round Pond" by Lord Dunsany is highly original, but the overall theme of "strangeness flowering from the commonplace" is perhaps best demonstrated by the previously unpublished stories of Graham Greene which seem to be on a more serious level than the other contributions.

How valid a selection is this for young adults? Intelligent fourteen-year-olds and upwards might well enjoy the collection, whether as adventure stories or period pieces—even viewed from the distance of the cynical 1970s. Younger readers enticed by the misleading dust-jacket might well wonder what they are all about.

Brian Baumfield

## Dead scared

IVAN SOUTHALL:  
What About Tomorrow  
Angus and Robertson, £3.20,  
(207 13379 4)

There is a pervasive high-tension in Ivan Southall's writing that can be very effective so long as it remains within control. On top form, his books are challengingly original; on other occasions, special effects can tumble over each other, like balloons, giving way to exaggeration, and his gift for conveying painful isolation degenerates into masochism—and self-pity, all of which, I fear, can be found in this latest novel. It concerns an adolescent boy much given to agitated

interior monologue, who runs away from home. At times his action jumps ahead in time to his adult life, where he has become an air-force pilot, but again suffers from sickening fear—no hearty conversation or horse-play in the mess here. But the focus between present and future are confusing and at times where repetitive streams of consciousness, so often signalled by "Gee whizz" or "Oh Gawd!" finally become monotonous. Mr Southall is an uncompromising author, a collector of particular and powerful vision. He has written much better books than this in the past, and in this will surely do so again.

Nicholas Tucker

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### The Journey Back

by Johanna Reiss  
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### There and Back Again

written and illustrated by Harold Jones  
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### Forthcoming: Culotte the Donkey

by Henri Bosco  
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Oxford University Press



## Wonderland wanderings

**The Caves of Drach**  
HUGH WALTERS  
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Duties will include the provision of a regular press cuttings service, the maintenance of index and reference systems, organising inter library lending schemes and micro copying of documents.

Candidates should have clerical experience, including some knowledge of record systems and have a good standard of copy typing. Some library and microfilming experience would be an advantage.

Starting salary will be between £2800 and £3000 per annum according to age and experience.

Please write with full details to NCB (IEA Services) Ltd., Room 237, Hobart House, Grosvenor Place, London SW1X 7AE.

IEA  
COAL RESEARCHNORTH YORKSHIRE COUNTY LIBRARY  
Applications are invited for the following vacancy:PRINCIPAL  
LIBRARIAN

## Bookstock

Applications are invited from Chartered Librarians with suitable experience of bibliographical services in libraries to take charge of the organisation and control of all processes connected with the centralised ordering and acquisition of bookstock for North Yorkshire. Duties of the post will also involve coordination of stock selection procedures between County Headquarters and the four Divisions. Current total library book fund £494,000. A computerised integrated stock order and control system is in operation.

Salary: SC2, £4,999-£5,922 per annum plus £312 p.a. salary supplement and second supplement of £17.38 per month.

Lodging, removal and other relocation allowances are available in appropriate circumstances.

Further particulars of the post and application forms available from: The County Librarian, North Yorkshire County Library, 21 Grammar School Lane, Northallerton, North Yorkshire DL6 1DF. Tel. Northallerton 5381, Telex 59257. Closing date: 30th July, 1977.

## CATALOGUER

A.P. 6/5 £3,681 to £4,380 inclusive in London Weighting plus salary supplements of £12 per annum and up to £4 per week.

Chartered Librarian, preferably with experience of computer cataloguing, required for busy Technical Services Department dealing with the acquisition and processing of books, records, pictures and audio-visual material. This successful candidate will deputise for the Technical Services Officer, taking charge of the Department when required.

Application forms and further details obtainable from Borough Librarian, Central Library, St. Nicholas Way, Sutton, Surrey. Tel. 01-643 4481.

Sutton, Surrey. Tel. 01-643 4481.

Education (Libraries Division)

LONDON BOROUGH OF

SUTTON

DERBY LONSDALE  
COLLEGE  
OF  
HIGHER EDUCATIONQualified  
Librarian

for the College Library  
(Mickleover Site)

Salary: APS £2,822 to

£3,282 plus supplements

Further particulars and

application forms may be

obtained from the Staffing

Officer (DP), Derby Lonsdale

College of Higher Education

Kedleston Road,

Derby DE3 1GB, to whom

completed forms should be

returned by Friday, July 28,

1977.

CITY OF MANCHESTER

EDUCATION COMMITTEE

XAVIERIAN SIXTH FORM COL-

LEGE, Lower Park Road, Vic-

toria Park, Manchester M14 5BB.

Telephone 234 7781.

COLLEGE LIBRARIAN

Required as soon as possible.

Salary within the Librarians Scale,

£2,127 to £3,282 (with bar at

£3,859), plus £112 supplement,

plus a further supplement of 3

per cent subject to a minimum

of £130 and maximum of £208

per annum. Qualified Chartered

Librarians would commence at a

minimum of £2,925.

Further details and application

forms from the Chief Education

Officer (E66), Education Office,

Crown Square, Manchester M2 3BB.

Closing date July 29, 1977.

## County Library Service

## Assistant Librarian

Grade APS/5, £2,822 to £3,282 plus £112 Supplement, plus

Stage 2 Supplement.

Applications are invited from qualified Librarians for this post at Southend District Libraries. Some evening and Saturday work involved for which enhanced payments will be made. Applications, which are invited from male and female candidates, should be addressed to Mr B. Langton, County Librarian, County Library Headquarters, Goldley Gardens, Chelmsford, Essex (Chelmsford 51141). Closing date is two weeks from the appearance of this advertisement.



Essex County Council

British  
Waterways  
Board

## Muniments Assistant

Watford

\* £2,894-£3,131 p.a.

Applications are invited for the above position in the South East

Area Office, situated at Watford, Herts. The duties of the

post include the custody of the board's documents and estate

records pertaining to the South East Area and a working knowl-

edge of the geography of the area which is bounded by London,

Oxford, Birmingham, Nottingham, Bishop's Cleeve and

Leicester.

The successful applicant will be required to consult and interpret

the provisions of the relevant legislation in the various cases.

Experience in editorial work or similar work is an advantage.

Salary includes supplements and Out of London Allowance.

Good conditions of service including contributory pension scheme

and London facilities.

Apply stating age, details of qualifications and experience to:

The Principal Personnel Officer, British Waterways Board, Willow

Grove, Church Road, Watford, Herts, WF1 8BA.

International Organisation in Vienna has vacancy for

EDITORIAL ASSISTANT

Requirements: University degree of B.A. in English Language and

Literature, or a high standard of English education. Minimum of 2

years experience in editorial work or similar work. Some knowledge

of publications, layout and printing techniques. Good typing is

essential and shorthand skill is preferable. Fluent command of

written and spoken English is essential. Knowledge of French/German

is highly desirable. Age range: 30-45.

Only those who fulfil these requirements need apply.

Good salary and working conditions offered. Please address applica-

tion and curriculum vitae with recent photograph to:

OPEC

Administration Department

Green, Department 20, 1000 Vienna, Austria.

## Information Officer

£5,009-£5,780 p.a.

International Aeradio is one of the world leaders in aviation and communications services and is engaged on a number of major contracts worldwide, covering electrical distribution systems and equipment including airport lighting and terminal building facilities.

We are currently recruiting for a Science Graduate who has experience and/or a post-graduate qualification in Librarianship to fill this new position. The successful candidate will be responsible for the provision of an efficient and effective Library and Information Service to the staff of IAL and will report to Head of International Affairs.

It is envisaged that suitable candidates will be between 35-55 years, meticulous about routine matters, have the ability to plan, monitor and adapt new services to changing user demands, to communicate at all levels, and to motivate and encourage others.

Initially, the successful applicant will be working on his/her own setting up the services but will later have supporting staff.

We can offer a salary in the range of £5,009-£5,780 per annum (inclusive of London Weighting) with excellent fringe benefits.

Applications should be in hand writing, quoting Ref. 277, to J. Smith, Recruitment Services Officer, International Aeradio Limited, Aeradio House, Hayes Road, Southall, Middlesex.

## Metropolitan Borough of Rochdale

Assistant Librarian  
(Reference)

Middleton Area

Librarians' Scale: £2,127 to £2,853 to £3,282 plus

supplements (approximately £442-£481) per annum

Applicants will have particular responsibility for

area reference and local history services, and some

practical experience of this work is preferred. Appli-

cants should preferably have Parts 1 and 2 Library

Association Examinations or equivalent.

Application forms and further details available from

the Chief Personnel Officer, 165 Drake Street, Roch-

dale OL16 1XG, returnable by July 25, 1977 (refer-

ence A 908).

Children's Librarian  
up to £4,072

We need a Children's Librarian to work initially at Hatch End Library. For this post a good knowledge of children's literature is required and candidates (of either sex) must have passed their final examina-

tions including Young People's Literature. A degree, preferably in a scientific or mathematical subject, is normally re-

quired, but those with particularly valuable knowledge and experience also considered. Experience in the

operation of planetaria advantageous.

Salary: as RA Grade I £4,030-£5,250 or RA Grade II

£2,870-£4,320. Level of appointment and starting salary

according to age, qualifications and experience. Non-

contributory pension scheme.

For further details and an application form (to be re-

turned by August 4, 1977) write to Civil Service Com-

mission, Attention Mr. B. Gillingham, Hatch End Libr-

ary, PO Box 27, Hatch End, Middlesex UB11 3JB,

or telephone Basingsale (0268) 68551 (answering ser-

vice operates outside office hours). Please quote ref

G16382.

24-hour Answerphone Service 01-603 8270.

Harrow Libraries

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The Times Literary Supplement

Times Newspapers Limited

PO Box No 7

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London WC1X 8EZ

## CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

RIJKSUNIVERSITEIT  
GRONINGEN

Nella SEZIONE DI ITALIANO della Facoltà di Let-  
tere dell' "UNIVERSITA" di Groninga (Paesi Bassi)  
si è reso vacante un posto per un(a)

## DOCENTE (vac.nf. LP 770701)

Il candidato proscritto dovrà svolgere attività di in-  
segnamento e di ricerca. Dovrà inoltre occuparsi  
di attività direttive ed amministrative. E' richiesta  
una laurea in Lingua e letteratura italiana. La  
conoscenza della lingua olandese è raccomand-  
abile; se tale conoscenza manca, si richiede la  
disponibilità ad acquilidarsi entro un breve tempo,  
e verranno chieste garanzie in proposito.

In via di principio il posto può diventare di ruolo  
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anni.

Gli interessati dovranno inviare domanda di parteci-  
pazione al concorso, accompagnata da un certifi-  
cato vitae, dell'indicazione di tre referenze, ed even-  
tualmente da un elenco delle loro pubblicazioni, al  
seguente indirizzo: de directeur van de departe-  
mentaal zaken, postbus 72, Groningen (Paesi Bassi),  
entro il 20 settembre 1977, scrivendo sulla busta  
"vacaturenummer LP 770701".

Per ulteriori informazioni, scrivere a Bencomings-  
commissie Afdeling Italiaans, Grote Kruisstraat 2-1,  
Groningen, Paesi Bassi.

National Maritime Museum  
Greenwich  
LECTURERS

to lecture on astronomy and navigation in the  
Museum's planetarium and on more general maritime  
subjects in the main Lecture Theatre. They will also  
assist with the operation of the Museum's telescopes  
and with the expanding programme of observational  
work, which necessitates night duties.

Candidates must have knowledge of, and interest in,  
maritime affairs, proven lecturing ability, and practical  
knowledge of large telescopes. A degree, preferably in  
a scientific or mathematical subject, is normally re-  
quired, but those with particularly valuable knowledge  
and experience also considered. Experience in the  
operation of planetaria advantageous.

Salary: as RA Grade I £4,030-£5,250 or RA Grade II  
£2,870-£4,320. Level of appointment and starting salary  
according to age, qualifications and experience. Non-  
contributory pension scheme.

For further details and an application form (to be re-  
turned by August 4, 1977) write to Civil Service Com-

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